

THE RESCUE on May 10, 1943, from the still-burning ruins of the Warsaw Ghetto, of 34 men and women, many of them prominent Jewish leaders and underground fighters, was one of the most dramatic and heroic episodes of the Holocaust.

The Prosta Street Operation, as it became known, has been frequently mentioned in post-World War II literature. In *The Wall*, for example, John Hersey documents this particular episode of the ghetto fighting extensively.

But neither Hersey nor other Holocaust writers were aware of the complexity of this almost suicidal operation.

Now the man who was in charge of its planning and execution has told the whole story.

Today, Simha or Szymek Rotem (Ratajzer), better known by his underground nickname of Kazik, is a supermarket executive, the popular director-general of the Jerusalem Cooperative. A stranger would have a hard time believing that this same man, who once dressed like a Gestapo agent, was the right hand of Antek Zuckerman, chief commander of the Jewish Fighting Organization in Poland after the death of Mordechai Anielewicz.

Antek and Kazik planned the rescue operation with the assistance of a number of other Jewish underground fighters, but it was Kazik who can be credited with its success.

In 1943, he sent a detailed report on the Warsaw Ghetto uprising and the general situation of the Jews in Nazi-occupied Poland to the Polish government-in-exile in London. But beyond that he was reluctant to sit down and write an autobiography, even with the assistance of Yehoshua Vashem. Finally Antek, shortly before his death, persuaded him to do so.

To those who know him, Kazik is not a man to boast about his achievements. Nor will he deny his failures. But he knew that he owed both the present and future generations a debt, not least for the sake of those who were equally brave and can no longer share their knowledge.

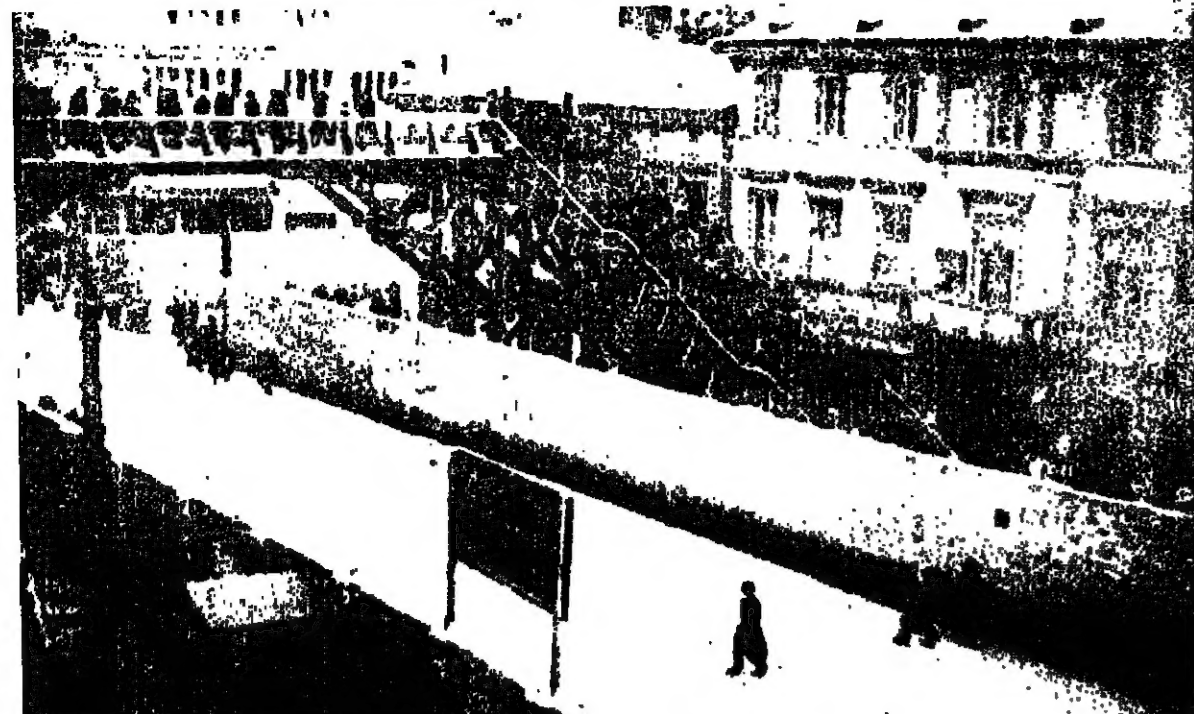
Kazik's memoirs *Ubetchei Avar Beirgun Hayehudi Haholem* (From the Depth of the Past — Within the Jewish Fighting Organization), are striking for their frankness and lack of exaggeration. Published by Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot, they form a remarkable document of paramount historical significance.

THE GHETTO uprising, a desperate act of armed resistance by the Jewish Fighting Organization (Zydowska Organizacja Bojowa or ZOB) against the Nazis' final "resettlement" plans, began on April 19, 1943.

In the first three days of the fighting, the Nazis, who had hoped for a walk-over, sustained considerable losses, despite their tremendous superiority in firepower and numbers. Having failed to attain their objectives and send further transports of ghetto Jews to the extermination camps, they abandoned their initial tactics and hid behind a light ring of almost uninterrupted artillery and mortar fire.

Enjoying their potential superiority, they destroyed bunker after bunker, house after house and street after street. They also used poison gas indiscriminately to flush the Jewish fighters from their well-hidden positions.

The ZOB ran short of arms and ammunition and was forced to change its tactics. Since it had become increasingly difficult for the



The Post's ALEXANDER ZVIELI describes the dramatic escape of 34 Jewish fighters from the ruins of the still-burning Warsaw Ghetto.

## The Prosta Street operation

Jewish fighters to strike at their German oppressors, there was little point in continuing what they realized was a hopeless struggle.

Plans were therefore made for the rapid evacuation of the remaining survivors, who could later continue the struggle by joining Jewish partisan units in the woods and forests north of Warsaw.

This was easier said than done. The ghetto was virtually sealed off from the outside world, tightly ringed by Wehrmacht and S.S. troop positions, augmented by Latvian and Ukrainian lackeys and Jew-baiters. There were also the Polish "Blue" police and a network of paid informers as well as the generally unfriendly Polish population to reckon with.

Several attempts had been made to reach Antek, ZOB's liaison officer outside the ghetto walls; all failed.

Kazik was one of a group which had taken up a position in the brushworkers factory and was fighting the Germans under the command of Hanoch Outman. Forced to retreat into the centre of the ghetto, he was entrusted with the task of making contact with Antek. With his "Aryan" looks and his courage, he was the perfect choice.

Born and brought up in the tough, non-Jewish neighbourhood of Powisle, this son of a typical Orthodox Jewish family was easily able to pass for a local gentile youth and was thus invaluable for Jewish underground work.

On May 5, 1943, Kazik escaped from the ghetto together with Zygmunt Friedlich from the Bund, who was known to have good contacts in Polish Socialist circles. Amid great danger, the pair eventually reached the flat of ZOB member Wladka (Feigela-Petel) Miedzyrzeczki, today Wladka Meed, author of *On Both Sides of the Wall*.

Then Kazik met Antek for the first time. It was the beginning of a special friendship. The ZOB officer was mourning the death of his ally,

tant, Franja Beatus, who had committed suicide, unable to bear the sight of the ghetto in flames.

THE TIMING of the rescue operation was vital, but valuable time was lost owing to the German-imposed general curfew and the prolonged search for contacts and assistance. Everything depended on finding and bribing a responsible waterworks and sewers repairman who could serve as a guide and take Kazik back to the ghetto.

A culvert opening had to be found in the gentle part of Warsaw through which the ghetto fighters could be taken out to a waiting truck. A truck also had to be found, and this was a problem, although the driver, hired under some pretext, could always be forced to obey orders at gunpoint.

Kazik bitterly recalls how he returned to Wladka's flat following a day's fruitless search. But he couldn't rest, and stood staring out of the window. The flat overlooked the ghetto walls and he watched the flames rising above the buildings and listened to the never-ceasing explosions.

His heart was with his comrades, dying over there. He could differentiate between the prolonged salvos of the Germans and the isolated single shots of the defenders. The absurdity and hopelessness of the whole situation weighed heavily on him. He was bitter that no one he had approached that day was willing to help. No one in gentile Warsaw seemed to have any interest in the fate of some Jews. His hopelessness drove him crazy.

The following morning, the despairing Kazik met Antek, who suggested he leave for the ghetto that same night; Kazik refused. Dying as a hero was an easy way out, while Antek's return to the ghetto would be an empty gesture. The whole Jewish leadership setup in occupied Poland depended on him. The two resolved to intensify their efforts.

That day two Polish guides, experienced sewer cleaners, were found. And the aid of the "King of Blackmailers" was enlisted. This was the leader of the Polish scam who made a living from terrorizing Jews in hiding among gentiles. The king had at his disposal two trucks which he used in cooperation with the Germans to "evacuate" stolen Jewish furniture from the ghetto.

Before the uprising, the king had been told that his trucks would be hired for a large sum of money to evacuate some Poles who had got stuck in the ghetto at the beginning of the fighting and now wanted to get out at any price.

THE PREPARATIONS had been made. Now it was up to Kazik and his guides to make their way into the burning ghetto.

The first attempt, on the night of May 7-8, failed. No fools, the Germans started sealing off the sewers and poisoning them. Heavy smoke made approaching the ghetto difficult.

Kazik reached the ghetto the following night. At one point the flow of sewage was so heavy that his guides wanted to turn back and had to be persuaded by more promises and a gun. Both Kazik and a friend, Rysiek, were armed. Finally they reached the ghetto and Kazik went up while Rysiek stayed below to prevent the guides running away.

A Dante would have been hard put to imagine the scene which awaited Kazik. In the few days he had spent on the Aryan side, the ghetto had changed beyond recognition. It was extremely difficult in the dim light of the German projectors to find a way through the maze of destroyed houses and the mass of rubble. There were dead bodies everywhere and a few abandoned wounded, some moaning and unable to move. The smell and deadly smoke were overpowering.

Kazik had a few addresses on him, but the sites of former strongholds were now empty and desolate. One of the wounded told him of the terrible fighting which

had gone on. Kazik could do nothing for the man.

While searching in vain for his comrades, Kazik suddenly felt an almost total identification with this mad graveyard. It was as if it were a part of his own destiny, as if all Jews were sentenced to nothing better than this nightmare of ghosts who were his parents, mothers, sisters. He wasted almost half an hour trying to locate a woman whose voice had attracted his attention and who was nowhere to be seen. He heard her talking to him, assuring him that she knew where his comrades were — but he couldn't find her in this labyrinth of crumbled balconies, rooms without walls, blocked entrances and staircases which led nowhere.

Kazik writes: "Suddenly I found myself at peace with my soul. The whole world became peaceful. I suddenly felt so good in the ghetto ruins, next to those dead bodies which were so dear to me, that I felt a strong, sudden desire to stay there and wait for the daylight. Before my eyes, at great speed, passed a kaleidoscope of my whole life. I perceived myself as being the last victim in this last battle of the Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto. I felt I was reaching the borderline between my desire to die there and madness."

It was with considerable effort that Kazik aroused himself from his death-wish. There was no further point in staying among the ruins, and it was getting late. He slowly picked his way back to the sewer and lowered himself through the opening.

"Let's go!" he shouted to Rysiek and the waiting guides, aware that his voice sounded hardly human.

On their way back to Aryan Warsaw, they suddenly heard voices. Jews or Germans? It was almost dawn and the danger was great. It was a group of ZOB fighters just arrived from the ghetto and hiding in one of the side sewers.

What they had to say changed the whole situation. They assured Kazik that they would contact other survivors and take them to the culvert opening in Prosta Street.

Kazik's instructions were clear and precise. He insisted that all the survivors should gather at a single point and stay together under all circumstances. This order was, unfortunately, not carried out to the letter, with tragic consequences.

KAZIK IS CLEARLY unable to describe the feelings of the survivors as they awaited rescue. Leon Uris in his *Mila 18* offers us a completely imaginary account of the Prosta Street rescue. In *The Wall*, John Hersey identifies with the survivors' feelings:

"3:30 p.m., May 9. The manhole is our parlour. We take turns stretching there: it is possible to stand up full length in the shaft. Luxuriating in the erect position, one can look up and see, like a firmament above, small stars of daylight twinkling in the ventilation apertures of the manhole cover. Once in a while a truck or a car goes rattling, clank-clank, across the metal disc, and occasionally we even hear a footstep on it. And so we seem to be very close to that society which walks above ground. This is rather exciting. There is less than a wall between us and the world. Only this little iron sky intervenes!"

"3:30 a.m., May 10. How much longer can we stand this sewer? Can we last another hour and a half, until our rescuers come? To rest from the terrible curved crouch this culvert imposes on us, we kneel for

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

ORGAN AND BASSOON CONCERT — With V. Scholz and K. Sasano (Dusseldorf). Works by Raison, Telemann, Bach, Schumann, Elgar, Franck. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, today at 2.30 p.m.)

THE JUDD CHOIR — Conductor Phyllis Isaacson. Works by Daniel Pinkham, Yehudi Glikson, Brahms, Elgar, Franck. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, today at 2.30 p.m.)

ANNA MAGDALENA AND FAMILY — Works by the Bach family and friends; readings from Anna Magdalena's diary. With the Israel Baroque Players. (Israel Museum, Monday)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA. Beersheba — Conductor, cellist Paul Tortelier. Soloist Maria de la Paz. Works by Tostler, Faure, Saint-Saens, Ravel. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)

ZAMIR CHORALE — Conductor Tami Kleinman. Works by Elton, Handel, Barok, Engel and others. (Khan, Wednesday)

"ETNAHTA" — Piano 4-hands with Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir. Dances by Doron, Glig, Moszkowski, Brahms. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conductor Leonard Bernstein. Works

by Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Thursday)

##### Tel Aviv area

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducts itself. Soloists Uri Wiesel and Hillel Zuri, cellos. Works by Vivaldi, Bach. (Tzavta, tomorrow)

THE VIOLA FROM BACH TO BERIO — With Gad Levorot, viola; Jonathan Zak, piano; Gene Cepiani, percussion. Works by Bach, Noam Sheriff, Michael Coughlin, Bero, Brahms. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA. Beersheba — (Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday)

##### Haifa

CONCERT — Choir and Chamber Orchestra of Neander Church, Düsseldorf. Conductor O.G. Blarr. Soloist Cilla Ginnemeyer, soprano. Works by Bach, O.G. Blarr, Sergio Natta. (Latin Parish Church, 801 Humezini, Sunday)

##### Others

VOCAL MUSIC FOR EASTER — The Choir of Neander Church, Düsseldorf. Conductor O.G. Blarr. Works by Josquin, Palestrina, Vulpinus, Reger, Mendelssohn. Plus instrumental music by Shlomo Yoffe. (Tabgha, Benedictine Monastery, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ — With well-known musicians. (Paradise, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Golden documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (I Am Home Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM A FICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel Dances. (Palmach Talmud folk dancers. (Jewish Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emeq Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With the Freddie Weigall Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Freddie Weigall, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Moti Ghilai. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45 p.m.; T.A., Beit Hanyal, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO — Jazz with Michael Gorenblott, in Dvorak, Zappa Hit-Yehudi. (Don Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON — Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tonight at midnight)

JAZZ — Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Pannetta, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 811 Luyarkon, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SEFI RIVLIN — Suite programme. (Old Jaffa, El Jamsil, tonight at 9.45 p.m. and midnight)

SHALOM HANOKH — With 3 back-up musicians. Melodic songs. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

ZVA'OT HAMUDOT (LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS) — Musical satire based on popular American Fifties culture. (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 9.30 and 11.45 p.m.; T.A., Nahmani, Sunday, Monday at 9 p.m.)

##### Haifa

SHALOM HANOKH — (Wadi Salib Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

##### Others

APPLES OF GOLD — See Jerusalem. (Elia, Moriah, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

#### CHILDREN AND YOUTH

##### Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

THE MARIONETTES FROM INDIA — Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. Traditional scenes of magicians, dancers and camel caravans. (Talmud Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

SNOW WHITE — Puppet theatre. (Talmud Theatre, Monday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR — (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY HOUR — A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2 p.m., Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conductor and narrator Arich Vardi, on Vivaldi and his contemporaries. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 4.30 and 6 p.m.)



Ben Kingsley, last seen in the pretentious comic-strip, 'Gandhi,' appears in 'Betrayal.'

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

JUBILEE — Khan production. A macabre play taking place in a Jewish cemetery in Germany in 1963. (Khan, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SEAGULL — By Chekhov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

"SHEM" — The passions and struggles of 3 (unlucky) workers. (Pargud, 94 Bezalel, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CITY SUGAR — A Beersheba Municipal Theatre/Yotvat production. The story of a popular radio announcer. (Habimah Small Hall, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

DESIRE — Habimah production. A couple in crisis act out an English sexual comedy. (Habimah, Large Hall, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

HAMLET — By Shakespeare. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOMEcoming — By Harold Pinter. Cane Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LIES — Cane Theatre production. About the friendship between two families. (Cane, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

LIKE A BULLET IN THE HEAD — (Tzavta, Monday at 8.45 p.m.)

THE LOST WOMEN OF TROY — Hanoch Levin's adaptation of Euripides. Cane Theatre production. (Cane Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARGINAL CASE — Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Tuyl. (Tzavta, Monday at 7.30 p.m.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING — By Shakespeare. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. This version places the action in 1917, with Allenby's entrance into Palestine. (Habimah, Large Hall, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m., Thursday at 7.30 p.m.)

NIGHT MOTHER — Cane Theatre production. A mother-daughter relationship. (Tzavta, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

NO ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENTARY DOGS — One-woman show by Ilana Yaron. A social and political satire of Israeli society. (Theatre Club, 7 Mendel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD — Selection of political satire. Produced by the Tzavta Theatre. (Tzavta, tonight, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

QUARTET FOR TWO — Selection of low excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilder (in English). (Imperial Hotel 66 Hayarkon, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

SANCTUARY — Habimah production. About the Tel Aviv drug world. (Habimah, Large Hall, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m. with simultaneous English translation)

THEATRE GAMES — An evening of theatrical improvisations, with audience participation. (ZOA House, 1 Rabin, tonight at 10 p.m., Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa GHETTO — Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

THE ISLAND — Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About 2 black political prisoners in South Africa. (Wadi Salib Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 and 8.50 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING — (Haifa Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE POISON MUSHROOM — By Brecht. Musical adapted from documents from Nazi Germany. (Wadi Salib Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others SATAN IN MOSCOW — By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Beersheba Municipal Theatre, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

#### DANCE

##### Tel Aviv area

TURNING THE PAGES — Ballet-theatre interpreted by Tamara Melnik, from the notebook of her childhood. With music and readings. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa DATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY — Various new works. (Wadi Salib Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)



Pop-star Yuval (son of Yossi) Banai and Anai Atzmon star in "Makat Shemesh."



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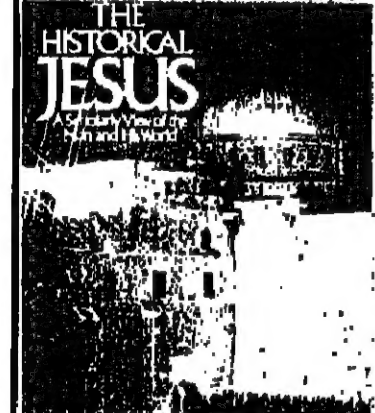
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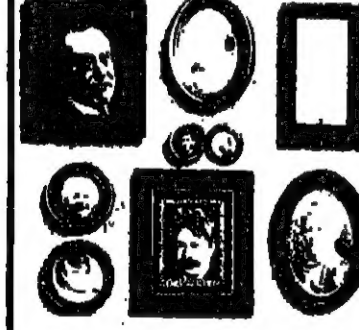
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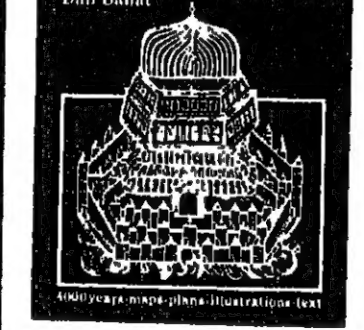
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On the cover: Bronze head of the Emperor Hadrian is one of the exhibits in the Israel Museum's new Roman gallery, opening next week with the help of the Wolfson Fund.

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TWO YEARS after the Six Day War, the historian Prof. Saul Friedländer wrote: "June 1967 cancelled out, in the western conscience, the weight of the Holocaust: the Jews were from now on identified with the victorious Israelis, strong and cruel; others became the victims."

Friedländer was not implying that the Holocaust had turned into a non-event, but rather that the special compassion which the Jews, and the Jewish state, had enjoyed as a result of the Holocaust had been dissipated. The Jews were no longer perceived as victims.

The first public expression of this change was manifested in Charles de Gaulle's notorious November 1967 statement, describing the Jews as "self-assured and domineering."

Nevertheless, the Holocaust continues to loom over the relations between Jews and gentiles, and between the State of Israel and the rest of the world. This is especially true with regard to the Germans and the European states. The main reason the Holocaust has not faded into a vague historical memory has been Israel's refusal to allow it to do so. There is a broad consensus in Israel that the world must not be allowed to forget the Holocaust. Yet, there are differences of opinion on the role the Holocaust ought to be allowed to play in Israel's external relations.

There are three roles which, in my opinion, the Holocaust should not be allowed to play: it should not be invoked every time the European states, or a European statesman, make statements that upset us; it should not be presented as the main reason for the establishment of the State of Israel; it should not be listed as the primary justification for Israel's right to exist.

THE USE OF the Holocaust as a cane to be brandished at the Europeans whenever they make some objectionable pronouncement concerning the Middle East is extremely unfortunate. Our objections to many of these pronouncements are often absolutely justified, and expressing those objections publicly is certainly legitimate. But, by invoking the Holocaust rather than presenting substantive counter-arguments, we defeat our own ef-

forts either to prevent the pronouncements being made, or to score political points. In addition, we cause a vulgarization of the one subject which should, at all costs, be prevented from becoming a pawn on the political chessboard.

Israeli diplomats and other representatives are occasionally guilty of this kind of misuse of the Holocaust. However, it was Menachem Begin who was responsible for the two most extreme cases in recent years. The first was his statement in 1980, on the eve of the European Economic Community's Venice Declaration, that "most of the Europeans cooperated with the exterminating enemy, which is why only a small remnant of European Jewry survived." The European states therefore had no right to come today "and tell us how to run our affairs with regard to the security of our people and its future."

The second instance was Begin's unbridled attack on the German chancellor in May 1981, when he accused Helmut Schmidt of arrogance, impudence, callousness, unbridled greed and avarice, implying that he had been a Nazi — and all this as a reaction to certain comments by the German Chancellor in a TV interview on his return from a state visit to Saudi Arabia. Begin was particularly incensed by Schmidt's speaking of Germany's debt to the Palestinians, "those who strove to complete what the Germans had started in Europe."

No one in Israel, not even Begin's most bitter opponents, questioned the depth and sincerity of his feelings of outrage. This did not exempt him from accusations of possible ulterior motives, and poor political judgement. But our concern at the moment is with reactions abroad, not those in Israel. Fortunately, Begin's Knesset attack on the Europeans was not reported in the European press. This is just as well, because if it had been, no one would have taken any notice of Israel's substantive objections to the principles on which the Venice Declaration was based, and Israel would have been accused of trying to dissolve itself from what the Europeans considered valid criticism, by trying to reawaken a guilt complex which, whether we like it or not,



# Use and misuse

The gentiles' perception that Israel was created because of the Holocaust, and not despite it, has serious implications on the state's relations with the nations of the world, writes SUSAN HATTIS ROLEF.

Some say the world will end in fire. Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favour fire. But if it had to perish twice I think I know enough of hate To say that for destruction ice Is also great And would suffice.

SO SANG Robert Frost as far back as 1923. A terrifying poet he called him. Frost knew the deep hate lurking in mankind and gave it expression in many of his poems. The subject of hate has engaged the creative imagination as well as the rational mind virtually since the inception of civilization.

What is the stuff that hate is made of? Is it inherent in the human condition or is it the product of circumstances? Or is it due to a combination of the two factors? Hate has naturally engaged Elie Wiesel's reflections in his expository prose as well as in his imaginative works. Thanks to Wiesel and President Franklin D. Roosevelt, hate will be the focus of an international conference to be held in France this year.

Using the Abel and Cain story as a point of departure for our interview, Elie Wiesel, whether one could call him a Jew or not, is a man of

der and relate them to the ills that plague 20th century life. For Wiesel, the biblical story serves as an archetype of murder and its participants are, as he says in his essay "Cain and Abel" — "symbols, examples meant to illustrate the main motivations that drive individuals to hate, bloodshed, war and ultimately, self-destruction: sexual obsession, material power and religious fanaticism — or just plain fanaticism."

From his book-lined 10th floor apartment overlooking Central Park West, Wiesel mused aloud about the devastating effects of hatred on individuals and society.

"It is like a volcanic explosion engulfing civilizations. West and East, Jews and Christians, Moslems and Buddhists, none have escaped hate's wrath. It is always seething there in the belly of humanity. The European soil is soaked with the blood of battles fought till exhaustion, and sometimes till extinction."

"On the Asian, African and American continents the religious faithful are massacring one another, political disciples are murdering one another, and tribal loyalists are butchering one another. The beauty of God's handiwork has been ripped asunder by man. Each slaughter has its own rationale, its own warped logic in the name of God or country



# Legacy of Cain

ELI PFEFFERKORN hears Elie Wiesel's plans for a Holocaust conference.

barely exists in Western Europe today.

UNLIKE the attack on Schmidt, the personal attack on Begin caused quite a stir — an extremely negative stir, from the Israeli point of view. In Europe, hardly anybody appreciated the depth of Begin's feelings on the Holocaust, while everyone concentrated on his highly undiplomatic accusations. Besides the fact that some of these accusations were factually inaccurate, they were seen exclusively against the background of the forthcoming Israeli elections. (Schmidt himself is still convinced that this was the only reason for what he considered a staged outburst). Furthermore, nobody was aware of exactly what Schmidt had said, and why it had triggered off not only Begin's anger, but that of every Israeli and Jew who had gone to the trouble of reading the full text of the interview.

The conclusions the Europeans drew from the event were first, that Israeli politicians regard the Holocaust as a card in a poker game; and secondly, that the Israeli voter is apparently impressed by name-calling, and manifestations of what they — the Europeans — saw as the callous arrogance of its leaders.

Neither conclusion is complimentary to Israel, and it makes no difference whatsoever whether these conclusions are valid or not. The damage was done, and the weight of the Holocaust as a moral factor in the western conscience was reduced still further.

THERE IS a widespread belief abroad that the State of Israel was established because of the Holocaust — that the Jewish state is the world's atonement for six million Jews killed in cold blood.

The main "proof" for this theory is that it had not been for the Holocaust, the 33 members of the UN General Assembly who voted for partition on November 29, 1947, would never have done so.

This proof is faulty for several reasons: In the first place, many of the 33 states voted as they did for reasons which had nothing, or very little, to do with the Holocaust. Thus, the Soviet bloc voted for partition because it seemed the best

way of getting the British out of Palestine; most of the others voted for it because it seemed the only reasonable means of solving the Arab-Jewish problem in Palestine, and avoiding a lot more bloodshed.

Secondly, the partition plan merely expressed the willingness of a two-thirds majority of the members of the UN to accept the establishment of a Jewish state and an Arab state in Palestine; it did not ensure the establishment of either. The Jewish state came into existence because the foundations for it had been laboriously laid for several decades (in fact, by 1939 the embryo of a state was already in being), and because the Jewish people were willing to fight for it.

The Arab Palestinian state, which was also to have been established on the basis of the UN partition plan, failed to emerge because no foundations had been laid for it, and its potential citizens did nothing to further its emergence. Still, the Holocaust may perhaps be given credit for inducing an early birth of the Jewish state. But for the Holocaust, Jewish pressure for its immediate establishment, whether in terms of the struggle against Britain, or of influence on world public opinion, would certainly have been less.

The Holocaust also influenced the basic state of mind of the Jewish state — its suspicion of, and at times cynical attitude towards, the rest of the world; its seemingly excessive concern with security; its inclination to view anyone who criticized Israel as an anti-Semite, and anyone opposed to it as a new Hitler.

Finally, the Holocaust affected the human make-up of Israel. David Ben-Gurion himself said to this writer in the course of an interview in the summer of 1968: "My Israel went up in smoke at Auschwitz." But all the factors enumerated, merely add up to the conclusion that, if it had not been for the Holocaust, Israel would probably have been very different, and might have been established at a later date — not that it would not have been established at all.

WHY, one may ask, does it make any difference to Israel whether the gentiles believe that Israel was established because of the Holocaust,



or despite it? The answer is simple: the perception that Israel owes its existence to the Holocaust is a premise for various theories which are totally unacceptable to the Jewish state, and only complicate its external relations and the ability to explain its positions. For example, many Germans have argued that, since the Germans were responsible for the Holocaust, since the State of Israel was established as a direct result of the Holocaust, and since the Palestinian problem was created as a result of the establishment of the Jewish state — Germany has, in addition to its moral obligations to Israel, a moral obligation to the Palestinians. This argument was, in fact, the basis for one of the statements by Helmut Schmidt in 1981 which so angered Begin and other Israelis.

This whole theory breaks down if we demonstrate that the State of Israel was not founded as a result of the Holocaust, and that the Palestinian problem, as it exists today, was not an inevitable outcome of the establishment of Israel.

PRESENTING the Holocaust as the justification of Israel's right to exist is another highly objectionable practice.

The world accepts the right of most states to exist because it recognizes the right of the national groups which constitute them to self-determination. Until World War II most gentiles and Jews did not recognize the Jewish people as a nation with a right to self-determination, and merely accepted that they had a right to a national home in Palestine, which would not affect the rights of Jews in other countries in which they resided.

Thus the goal of Zionism — the establishment of a Jewish state — was not generally accepted. Just as, according to Professor Friedländer, the Holocaust temporarily checked certain anti-Semitic trends, so it also temporarily checked certain anti-Zionist trends.

The willingness of the international community to tolerate the establishment of a Jewish state in 1948 did not emanate from any change in basic perceptions concerning the national status of the Jews, but from the conjuncture of circumstances at that period, of which the Holocaust was one. Arab propaganda, which since 1917 has hammered at the notion that the Jews are not really a nation, and that Zionism is nothing more than a form of European colonialism, added, after 1948, a third notion: that Israel was created only because the Europeans felt guilty about the Holocaust. "Why are we being called upon to pay the price for the Europeans' crimes?" they ask, and their arguments have fallen on many receptive ears.

THE NOTION that Israel's right to exist emanates from a moral debt is especially unpalatable when combined with the hypothesis that, because of this, Israel has an obligation to adopt higher moral standards than all other states. Thus the greater disapproval of Israel's policies, the more widespread the delegitimation of the Jewish state.

All this does not mean that Israel ought not to act according to the highest moral standards. However, the reason for its doing so should not be, as Martin Buber argued, that otherwise the Jews might forfeit their right to an independent state, nor that the gentiles expect the Jews to behave in a superior manner because they were victims of the Holocaust, and therefore "ought to know better." We should do our best to act on the basis of the highest moral principles, because we expect it of ourselves; because these principles form an integral part of our religion and heritage; because we forfeit the right to protest against the conduct of others if we ourselves act as badly as they do (e.g., on the question of arms sales to unwholesome regimes).

Thus, Israeli *hasbara*, in addition to having to explain that the State of Israel was not established because of the Holocaust, must explain that Israel's right to exist is based on the Jewish right to self-determination and not on any moral debt which the world might owe the Jews, and is not dependent on the quality of its conduct. Of course, Israel cannot hold the stick at both ends and argue that, while it owes the world nothing, the world has a moral obligation to see that the Jewish state continues to exist, irrespective of its conduct. As Prof. Yehoshafat Harkabi has pointed out, Israel's continued existence depends exclusively on whether it adopts and follows a policy of realism.

SO FAR we have discussed the roles which the Holocaust ought not to play in Israel's external relations. Yet the Holocaust does have a role to fulfill. Israel should make constant efforts to inform other peoples of the facts of the Holocaust, and to prevent any attempts to deny or de-Judaize it. The Holocaust was, and will remain, primarily an experience involving the Germans as murderers and the Jews as the victims. But the rest of the world played the shameful role of collaborators, or the not very honourable role of passive spectators. The world must not be permitted to forget that fact.

No matter how many tales are told of other massacres in other parts of the world, in which other peoples were decimated or totally wiped out, this was the only case in history in which systematic mass murder was dehumanized — performed without the involvement of emotions or even avarice, meticulously planned and executed over a number of years. It happened to us — not to somebody else. Yet we should not lose sight of the fact that there are also lessons of a universal nature to be derived from the Holocaust. Theoretically, a holocaust could happen again, elsewhere and to another people. We should be in the forefront of those nations which consider it their duty to stand guard against such an eventuality.

The writer will be presenting a paper on the Holocaust in Israel-EEC relations at Bar-Ilan University next month.

or tribe. And recently, in the midst of Western civilization, a racial ideology let loose the ferocious dogs of war that left behind a trail of death and devastation.

A victim of its most vicious manifestation, Wiesel knows from his own experience the abysmal sense of loneliness felt by its victims. Thus morally bound, he made a trip to the Far East in 1979 in order to draw world attention to the predicament of the boat-people.

Recalling the plight of this St. Louis passengers who were turned away from the Cuban and Miami shores in 1939, Wiesel wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* on July 8, 1979: "If the boat-people's fate does inspire a vast movement of solidarity and compassion throughout the world, it is because the life and death of another people, only some 40 years ago, were met by society's indifference."

In January of this year, Wiesel went to Honduras to visit the Mosquito tribe that had been uprooted from its native land, and once again issued a plea for the victims from the pages of the *Los Angeles Times*.

FOR WIESEL, therefore, the Cain and Abel story is not a metaphor. Sadly, it is a reality bloodily re-enacting itself through

the annals of history, he says. We Jews have had our share of fratricide. During the siege of the Second Temple, and recently in the struggle for independence, political controversy resulted in terrible blood-letting. Our Sages, the great observers of human nature, attributed the destruction of the Temple to gratuitous hatred.

Wiesel reached for Yoma, hastily leafed through the pages, and read these words, which came across with a shuddering, familiar irony: "Why was the Second Sanctuary destroyed, seeing that in its time they were occupying themselves with Torah precepts and the practice of charity? Because therein prevailed hatred without cause. That teaches you that groundless hatred is considered as of equal gravity with the three sins of idolatry, immorality and bloodshed together."

Over the years, Wiesel shared his thinking on the topic of hate with Francois Mitterrand, a close friend who has always had a genuine interest in the intricacies of human nature.

The exchange between Mitterrand and Wiesel initially yielded the idea of convening a forum that would deal with the various aspects of anti-Semitism from its origins in the classical era till this very day. It



was a natural choice of subject for Wiesel, to which Mitterrand readily agreed. As the discussions continued, however, it became clear that it would be intellectually enriching and educationally beneficial to enlarge the scope of the enquiry and turn it into an international conference on the history and anatomy of man's hate.

Because of its scope and complexity, the conference will adopt an interdisciplinary approach, drawing on participants from a wide range of scholarly fields. Accordingly, the subject will be examined from the multiple perspectives of religion, race, philosophy, anthropology and so on, at the same time providing an appropriate forum for reviewing the

wide spectrum of Jewish issues and their concomitants, Zionism and the State of Israel.

WIESEL is not a man easily given to anger. His friends who have seen him chairing the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council meetings talk about his extraordinary patience and restraint. But when the conversation turns to the debasement of the Holocaust memory, his face flushes with anguished anger. "Only 40 years have passed," he says emphatically, "since the unspeakable tragedy occurred and its values are already being raped, its language molested."

"The antecedents of this profane trend can be traced back to the Six-Day War, when Moscow launched a propaganda campaign equating the State of Israel with the Nazi regime. Taking the cue from their Soviet benefactors, the well-oiled PLO propagandists elaborated on this theme. Through an obscene inversion of a language that grew out of the unique circumstances of Jewish suffering, the killers presented themselves as victims, and the Israelis as perpetrators. The Beirut world-terrorist centre was likened to the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, and the arch-terrorist, Arafat, to Mordechai Anielewicz."

"The mind reels at the scene showing the representatives of the PLO laying a wreath at the foot of the Warsaw Ghetto statue commemorating the 40th anniversary of the Ghetto Uprising. What an abomination: the murderers of Jewish children paying homage to their grandfathers who died dreaming of a Jewish state. There is a traceable logic between the atrocities committed by Jorgen Stroop's storm troopers on Nalewki Street in April 1943, and Arafat's henchmen sowing terror in Nahariya in April 1979."

The author, an Israeli, is currently on the staff of the U.S. Holocaust Commission.

"What is also upsetting," Wiesel says, "is how the television networks were taken in by the hoax (perhaps they were not taken in but played it up for their viewers)... Self-assured, armed Israeli soldiers were shown strutting down the desolate streets of Nablus, while fear-stricken eyes peered from behind curtains. The sublime effect created the unmistakable impression of victim turned persecutor."

In reply to a question whether the attitude of the news media reflected, perhaps, a hard-core residual of anti-Semitism, Wiesel said he preferred to leave this point for discussion at the conference.

The author, an Israeli, is currently on the staff of the U.S. Holocaust Commission.



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WHERE THE WATERS of the Danube kiss the Carpathian mountains, there is Bratislava. An ancient fortress dominates the city as it nestles between wide river and verdant hills. Narrow alleyways meander through its oldest quarters, suddenly to open out onto a broad plaza. The architecture of its public buildings bears witness to the history of this cultured seat of bygone royalty. A small, big city. My childhood home.

Jews know the city best as Pressburg, not because the German name is more familiar to their ears, but because it was by this name that the city's celebrated Yeshiva became famous. The Yeshiva would seem to have been in existence for hundreds of years, because by the 18th century it was quite well known. Then, in the time of Rabbi Moshe Schreiber, the Hatam Sofer, at the beginning of the 19th century, Pressburg became the cultural and spiritual centre for all of Austro-Hungarian Jewry. This despite the fact that no more than 15,000 Jews ever lived there.

My parents are buried in Bratislava, which is close to the Austrian border and a mere three-and-a-half hours by plane from Tel Aviv. It always seemed much farther away, because, unlike most East European countries, Czechoslovakia does not give visas to holders of Israeli passports.

However, last autumn, the International Cooperation Alliance, an organization in which the Histadrut holds an honoured position, was to meet in Prague. It is the policy of the organization that a country which wishes to host the congress must admit all the members: so I was finally able to return to Czechoslovakia and go back to the place where I was born.

Have you ever been to a place which isn't there? That is where I found I was.

Bratislava has developed a lot since the days when it was my home. The population has increased from 150,000 to 400,000, and the city swallowed up the surrounding villages. New residential areas have sprung up and tall buildings have changed the skyline.

The city is there, but everything that made up my world until I was expelled from it... all gone. The Jewish community, which was no more than 10 per cent of the population, but the only part to which I could relate spiritually, emotionally, socially... all gone.

THE JEWISH community of Bratislava was prosperous, its members to be found in every profession and trade. Its institutions well developed. The Jewish hospital was the most modern in all Slovakia and the Maccabi sports stadium was acknowledged as the best in the country.

It was a very special community, in which most of the Jews were observant. Orthodox, but also modern, like the Jews of Frankfurt. They were never anti-Zionist. They were tolerant, if rather aloof. The sons and daughters were proud of their community.

When I was a child, there were hardly any poor Jews in Bratislava. Almost all of those in need of charity or social welfare were either "guests" from the eastern part of the country, who came to Bratislava to raise money, or refugees from the Germany of the mid-Thirties. Between the two world wars, Czechoslovakia was a democracy in the fullest sense of the word. Although some of its larger Catholic population was anti-Semitic, there was no official anti-Semitism. Until Fascism took over, the memories of the city and the country are good ones.



## PAINFUL RETURN

HANNA ZEMER, the Slovakian-born editor of 'Davar,' finds little but memories left of her childhood home in Bratislava.

Even on my recent visit, I found no objective basis for complaint. The behaviour of the authorities was correct. People with whom I came into contact on the streets, in shops, taxis, and trams, and especially on long train journeys, were charming. The hotels were adequate, food plentiful, and I had enough money to enjoy myself as a tourist. But I wasn't a tourist.

My two days in Bratislava were days of pain, of re-opening old wounds, of seeking that which could not be found. I moved through the streets like a sleepwalker, my feet finding their own way down alleys, through short-cuts, past buildings. Everything was as it used to be, but nothing was as it used to be. It became a nightmare.

It was a very personal experience, but it was not a private one. Tens of thousands of Jews who came from the lands of the Holocaust could have shared it.

I STARTED at the synagogue, for it was the most natural place to be on a Sabbath morning.

When I was a girl Bratislava had 24 synagogues, but today only one remains. By sheer chance, it is the one in which my family prayed.

It is an impressive edifice built in the 1920s for Jews who had left the ghetto and spread out into the city. Now it is almost empty: just a handful of old men, and a few elderly women in the gallery. There are only 160 Jews registered in Bratislava today, and most of them are old, with no children or grandchildren to support them. Such few young ones as are left do not call themselves Jews; but wherever I went, people whispered to me about an uncle in Haifa, or an aunt in Jerusalem, hinting their real identity.

From the synagogue, I walked to the school where I spent eight years of my life. Then it was an Orthodox girls' school, but the building is now a special school for children with hearing handicaps. As I looked at it, I saw myself, my classmates, and the hundreds of other girls from the school, so many of whom were doing to death before they had a chance to really live. I wanted to tear down this building, although it had done us no harm, but my tearing anger was submerged by a feeling of utter impotence.

NEARBY, in a building that now serves as a kindergarten, there used to be a school of the Neological

movement. This moderate Reform movement, resembling today's Conservative Judaism, was founded in Bratislava in the 1870s, after the Budapest Congress had split the Jewish community of the area. At the Neological school, boys and girls studied together and there was an organ in their synagogue until there was so much opposition that it was removed. I said "their" synagogue, and that implies a certain division, which there was; but one without hostility. The large Orthodox community went their own way with a calm inner strength that required no recrimination or strife. In just the same manner, they would in time block the way of the Hasidim without violence.

They also managed to escape assimilation, not by closing themselves off, but in another way. In other communities during the mid-19th century, there was a tremendous outcry when Pressburg hired a minister who gave his sermons in German. But Pressburg stood fast, and in time it found a synthesis between the study of the Torah and other learning which broadened its horizons. In Bratislava, 40 per cent of the students in the university's medical faculty were Jews, and a

third of those in the law faculty.

Across from the Neological school there was the Orthodox boys' school, which today is a public high school. Boys of elementary-school age used to learn secular subjects in the morning, and attend the Talmud-Tora school in the afternoon. At the junior-high school it was the other way round, the morning spent at the "Yeshod Tora" school, and the afternoon devoted to secular subjects. The government subsidized the secular school and set their examinations. Entrance to the yeshiva rama required a further year of study at the yeshiva k'lana.

AS EARLY as the 19th century, the Pressburg Yeshiva was recognized by the authorities as a rabbinical school. Even then, it did not accept students until they had completed at least eight years of secular studies, and they were exempted from military service. According to a document dating from the time of the Katav Sofer, they attended lectures wearing top hats.

The Pressburg Yeshiva has been compared with the famous Tora schools of Babylon, for it produced a long line of eminent scholars and Tora sages. My great-grandfather

studied there, and so did my uncles and many other relatives. I went to see what still remained, but there was nothing.

To tell the truth, the walls of the ghetto had collapsed more than a hundred years ago, and only a few Jews had continued to live there. But many institutions remained concentrated in the area until the very end. The Great Synagogue, the Yeshiva, the Yesodei Tora school and many others had stayed on, including the Neological synagogue and the ritual slaughterhouse. Now, all that remained of the ghetto was two houses.

In order to drain the bitter cup to the dregs, I went to the place where the mikve used to be, where for years I had accompanied my mother each month. I remember the bath-rooms, the ritual pool, and the faces of the women who used it then. The building is still standing. It is the headquarters of the leather-workers cooperative.

THE UNBEARABLE pain that did not give me a moment's respite was not nostalgia. If these places had disappeared in the normal course of events, ceasing to be because the people who once used them had left of their own free will, maybe I might have felt merely nostalgia. But I walked in this void knowing that it had been created by slaughter, that those who once used these institutions had been herded to the gas-chambers like cattle. I could see their faces before my eyes, here where they used to live and love and worship. No, this was not nostalgia, but a special kind of horror which God has reserved for the Jews alone.

I went to walk in the hills, where we used to walk on the Sabbath with our handkerchiefs tied to our wrists, so that we should not sin by carrying them. We treated this act with great seriousness, but we also went to the cinema, the theatre and the opera, all as a matter of course. This modernity was well established in Bratislava. In a book published by the Rav Kook Institute about the history of the community, I found a letter written by some of its wealthy members to the Hatam Sofer in 1807, before he became chief rabbi of the city. It included this passage:

"Since most of our dealings here are with gentiles, merchants who are not of our people, we are obliged to dress according to their fashions, and our women and daughters use make-up when they go out... Even though this is not seemly to some, it cannot change in such a big city." Remember, this was written nearly 180 years ago.

THE NEXT DAY I went to the cemetery: that still exists. There is also a new cemetery, a forest of tombstones all properly maintained by an aged caretaker who is Christian, but who can read Hebrew. I doubt whether he could read a prayer, but he reads the epitaphs as if he had been to *heder*. His name is Pavel Huchko, and may he live for 120 years. I don't think that anyone else could replace him as a guide to people coming abroad in search of the graves of their ancestors, and I told him that if there is a heaven, then he surely has a place in it. I believed that when I said it - I was to believe many stranger things that day.

That particular Sunday was the anniversary of the death of the Hatam Sofer, which was the day chosen by the remnants of Bratislava Jewry to commemorate the deaths of those from our city who died in the Holocaust. Every year, Jews from all over the world come to pray beside the Hatam Sofer's grave, and the day

of my visit, 144 years after his death, was no different. One could say it was mere coincidence that I was there then, because the date of my visit was decided by the date of the Prague congress. But I felt the hand of the Almighty. If you had been there with me, you would have believed that too, for there was something mystical in the air.

The Hatam Sofer is buried in the old part of the cemetery, through which, after World War II, it was decided to make a road. The authorities agreed that the graves of the Hatam Sofer and other holy persons, among them Rabbi Akiva Eiger and Rabbi Meshulam Agra, would not be disturbed. Jan Masaryk, the son of the founder and president of the republic, was foreign minister at the time, and he promised Rabbi Shmuel Binyamin Schreiber-Sofer, the last chief rabbi of the city, that this undertaking would be honoured. It has been, and today the road passes above the graves, which are in a kind of catacomb. The door is normally kept locked, and the key has to be obtained from a Jewish woman named Engel. On this occasion there was no need to apply to her, for the door was open all day long.

I went there filled with a sense of elation, down the stairs into a darkness softened only by the glimmer of candlelight. I could just distinguish figures praying by the Hatam Sofer's tomb. This was covered with letters and notes, and as I watched, a man added dozens more to the pile. I asked why he had brought so many, and he replied that he was from Vienna, and other Jews who could not come themselves had sent their messages with him.

I found myself adding a note, which I wrote in the name of the Schreiber and Shapiro families living in Israel, for they are descendants of the Hatam Sofer. The widow of Rabbi Shmuel Binyamin Schreiber lives in Bnei Brak, as does one of his daughters, Sarah Ludmir. In Jerusalem his son, Rabbi Simha Bonim Schreiber-Sofer, is head of the Pressburg Yeshiva, which is named for the original but has quite a different atmosphere. Another daughter, Tova, is the wife of Avraham Shapiro MK, the chairman of the coalition. They had not asked me to place a note for them; it happened of its own volition, and I didn't stop to think what I was doing. In the same way, the note became a request to the Hatam Sofer to mediate on behalf of the people of Israel.

I WENT BACK to the city where it was Sunday morning, a day of rest for the inhabitants, a day of sunshine. The streets were crowded with people, but for me they were empty. It was a day suited for the beginning of the book of Lamentations: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people. How is she become like a widow. She that was great among nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary. She weepeth sore in the night..."

And I was weeping by day, a warm and sunny day, in the middle of that full and empty street.

AT THE Czechoslovak consulate in Vienna, the clerk who gave me my visa said, "You are a journalist, but you have a tourist's visa. You are asked not to write about your visit."

I could have disregarded that request because here I am in a free country. But I could not write about the present, because the past is so much stronger. I am sure this article will not upset my hosts. After all, it is only a description of a place that doesn't exist.

## We have the key to fit a new and exciting way of living in Israel

Just one peek will show you that a lifestyle in Israel no longer means adapting to a standard of living that may cramp your style. So if the children are grown and you now have time for yourself - it's time to enjoy. Mshkenot Gai has created a haven on the Mediterranean where you can really start Living Mediterranean Towers in Bat Yam. A condominium complex where the meaning of Living in Israel takes on a whole new and exciting definition.

A range of choice apartments are available for year round living or monthly time shares. All designed in a fashion for luxury living. Step out onto a balcony and absorb the beauty of a neighborhood who will always be there to greet you. The magnificence of the Mediterranean. Outside your private haven a world of Jewish facilities await your enjoyment. They are way beyond those known to you in the star hotels. Living at Mediterranean Towers means enjoying the pleasures of a heated pool, a jacuzzi and a full health club just in resort of a few minutes. There is a large room, bowling, a full multi language library, and more. We even have our own handicapped center with handicapped accessible restaurants, shops, and a variety of services. Our services include security, maintenance, housekeeping, laundry, and more. We have a 24 hour emergency service, and much more. Call today for many reasons to live in Israel. If you are serious, call today.

Mediterranean Towers

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## CUSTOM MADE FURNITURE

Segev Furniture

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Made Furniture. With

us, the client is a

partner in the planning

of every furniture item,

making for precise

measurements at all

times. And no

problems of "empty

corners" because of

the all-inclusive spatial

planning to suit the

customer's require-

ments indicated in the

course of design and

implementation.

Our customers will find

a staff of designers

experienced in pre-

client

Custom Made Furniture means a home looking exactly as you want it to look.

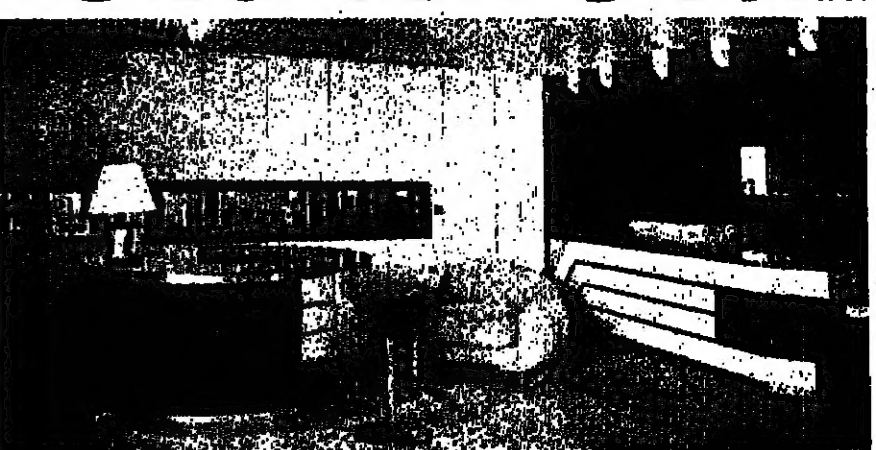
Custom Made Furniture gives you a home you'll want to brag about.

The approximately 200sq.m. showroom, in our shop at 124 Rehov Ben-

Yehuda, Tel Aviv, boasts a sampling of ideas for design of kitchens, dinettes,

bathroom fittings and living quarters for adults and youngsters.

124 Rehov Ben-Yehuda, Tel Aviv, Tel. 03-235005.



implementation. Our customers will find a staff of designers experienced in pre-client

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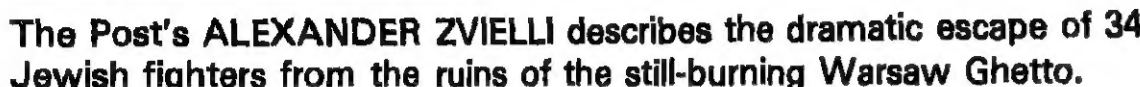


SEGEV FURNITURE

הכרזת מלחמה



...



Jewish fighters to strike at their German oppressors, there was little point in continuing what they realized was a hopeless struggle.

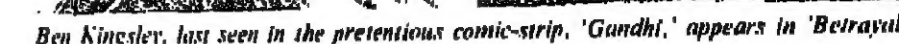
Then Kuzik met Antek for the first time. It was the beginning of a special friendship. The ZOB officer was mourning the death of his assa-

whole Jewish leadership setup in occupied Poland depended on him. The two resolved to intensify their efforts.

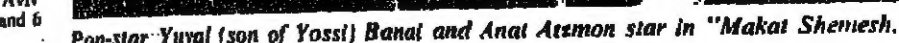
Kazik had a few addresses on him, but the sites of former strongholds were now empty and desolate. One of the wounded told him of the terrible fighting.

Kazik's instructions were clear and precise. He insisted that all the survivors should gather at a single point and stay together under all circumstances. This order was, unfortunately, not carried out to the letter, with tragic consequences.

"3:30 a.m., May 10. How much longer can we stand this sewer? Can we last another hour and a half, until our rescuers come? To rest from the terrible curved crouch the culvert imposes on us, we kneel



\_\_\_\_\_





## JERUSALEM Cinemas

### CINEMA 1

Dues 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415007  
Fri., April 27  
Double feature/ ticket:  
Diamonds Are Forever 2.30  
M.A.S.H. 4.30  
Sun., April 29  
Double feature/ ticket:  
Diamonds Are Forever 7  
The China Syndrome 9  
Mon., April 30  
The China Syndrome 7  
M.A.S.H. 9.15  
Tue., May 1  
Emmanuelle 7.15, 9.15  
Wed., May 2  
The Sound of Music 6  
The World According to Garp 9  
Thurs., May 3  
The Sound of Music 6  
The World According to Garp 9

### EDEN

**VERTIGO**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

### EDISON

**NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

### HABIRA

**BIG LAUGH**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### ISRAEL MUSEUM

Wed., Thurs. 3.30

### TOM SAWYER

Children's film

### KFIR

**YENTL**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15  
No complimentary tickets

### MITCHELL

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15  
Complimentary tickets not accepted

### ORION

**THE EVIL THAT MEN DO**  
Sun. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9  
Adults only

### ORNA

Tel. 224733  
**POUR CENT BRIQUES T'AS PLUS RIEN**  
Sun. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9  
Sundays 18.30

### RON

**RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE**  
Sun. 7, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.15

### SEMADAR

**I LOVE YOU CARMEN**  
Sun. and weekdays 7, 9

### SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HATUMA

**CUTTER'S WAY**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.15  
Weekdays 7, 9

## TEL AVIV Cinemas

### ALLENBY

**GO FOR IT**  
\* TERRENCE HILL  
\* BUD SPENCER  
Tonight 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### BEN-YEHUDA

**BIG LAUGH**  
("Candid Camera")  
Tonight 10, 12  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

**THE CHOSEN**  
Thurs. 8.30 p.m.

### CHEN 1

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**  
\* SHIRLEY MACLAINE  
\* DEBRA WINGER  
\* JACK NICHOLSON

### CHEN 2

**NEVER CRY WOLF**  
Fri. 2, 9.55, 12.15 p.m.  
Sun. 7.14, 9.40  
Weekdays 4.35, 7.10, 9.40

### CHEN 3

**I LOVE YOU CARMEN**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

### CHEN 4

**EXPERIENCE PREFERRED BUT NOT ESSENTIAL**  
Tonight, 10.10, 12.05  
Sun. 7.25, 9.35  
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.25, 9.35

### CHEN 5

**TRADING PLACES**  
Fri. 10  
Weekdays 7.20, 9.30  
\* PETER SELLERS

### CLASS

**DR. STRANGELOVE**  
Midweek at 4.35  
**RETURN OF THE JEDI**

## CINEMA ONE

**LOVE STORY**  
Fri. 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## CINEMA TWO

**DUEL**  
Fri. 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## DEKEL

**UNFAITHFULLY YOURS**  
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

## DRIVE-IN

**TO BE OR NOT TO BE**  
Fri. 10, weekdays 9.30

## THE SMURFS ARE COMING

Weekdays 7.15

## ESTHER

**THE EVIL THAT MEN DO**  
Fri. 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## GAT

**THE RIGHT STUFF**  
\* SAM SHEPHERD  
Sun. 8.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

## GORDON

**NARAYANA**  
Winner of the 1st Prize Cannes Film Festival  
Sun. 7, 9.30, weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

## HOD

**SCARFACE**  
Fri. 10  
Weekdays 6.30, 9.30

## LEV I

**RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE**  
Tonight 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

## LEV II

**THE DRESSER**  
\* ALBERT FINNEY  
\* TOM COURTENAY  
Tonight 10, Sun. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

## LIMOR

**NIAGARA**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## MAXIM

**THE THIEF WITH THE FIVE FACES**  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15  
At 9.30

## PARIS

**FIRE AND ICE**  
Tonight 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

## MOGRABI

**GORKY PARK**  
\* WILLIAM HUNT  
\* LEE MARVIN  
\* JOANNA PACULA

## ORLY

**VERTIGO**  
A tall story about a pushover  
Sun. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

## PEER

**BETRAYAL**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## SHAHAF

**YENTL**  
Tonight 9.45, 12.15  
Sat. 11 a.m., 4 p.m.  
Sun. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30

## STUDIO

**EDUCATING RITA**  
\* MICHAEL CAINE  
\* JULIE WALTERS  
Tonight at 10, Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## TCHÉLET

**TENDER MERCIES**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## TEL AVIV

**NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN**  
SEAN CONNERY  
in James Bond 007  
Tonight 10, 12, Sun. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

## TEL AVIV MUSEUM

**THE STATE OF THINGS**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## ZAFON

**FANNY AND ALEXANDER**  
Tonight at 10, Sun. 5.30, 9  
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

## HAIFA Cinemas

### AMPHITHEATRE

**SUN STROKE**  
4, 6.45, 9

### ARMON

**HONORARY CONSUL**  
\* RICHARD GERE  
\* MICHAEL CAINE  
Sun. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### ATZMON

**NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN**  
4, 6.30, 9

### CHEN

**RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE**  
Sun. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### FRENCH CULTURAL CENTRE

**MON ONCLE D'AMERIQUE**  
Mon. 9.30

### MORIAH

**EDUCATING RITA**  
6.45, 9

### ORAH

**MY TUTOR**  
4, 6.45, 9

### ORLY

No performances due to renovations

### PEER

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**  
\* SHIRLEY MACLAINE  
\* DEBRA WINGER  
\* JACK NICHOLSON  
Sun., 6.30, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

### RON

**YENTL**  
\* BARBRA STREISAND  
4, 6.45, 9

### SHAVIT

**FANNY AND ALEXANDER**  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## RAMAT GAN Cinemas

### ARMON

**CINDERELLA**  
Matinees at 4:

### LILY

**THE RIGHT STUFF**  
Fri. 10 p.m., weekdays 8.30

### LILY

**EDUCATING RITA**  
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

### OASIS

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**  
7, 9.30  
\* BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS

### ORDEA

**BIG LAUGH**  
("Candid Camera")  
YEHUDA BARKAN  
Tonight 10, Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

### RAMAT GAN

**UNDER FIRE**  
\* GENE HACKMAN  
7.15, 9.30

## HERZLIYA Cinemas

### DAVID

**BIG LAUGH**  
("Candid Camera")  
Sun. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### TIFERET

**THE EVIL THAT MEN DO**  
\* CHARLES BRONSON  
7.15, 9.15

## HOLON Cinemas

### MIGDAL

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**  
Fri. 10  
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30  
Matinees at 4.30, POPEYE

### SAVOY

**NEVER SAY NO**  
Tonight 10  
Sun. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30  
Mat. 10, 12, 3  
THE SMURFS ARE COMING

## THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

### EXHIBITIONS

Dr. ERICH SALOMON: FROM A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LIFE  
COSMIC IMAGES IN THE ART OF THE 20TH CENTURY

### COLLECTIONS

CLASSICAL 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY PAINTING: IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM; 20TH CENTURY ART: ISRAELI ART

### MUSIC

ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK:  
THE VIOLA  
FROM BACH TO BERIO, with Ged Leventov. Participating: Jonathan Zak, piano; Gena Capriani, percussion. Tuesday, 1.5. at 8.30 p.m.

THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA, BEESHEVA. Conductor-Cellaist, Paul Tortelier. Soloist: Maria de la Pau, piano. Programme: works by Tortelier, Faure, Saint-Saens, Bizet. Thursday, 3.5. at 8.30 p.m.

### DANCE

TURNING THE PAGES. Ballet Theatre interpreted by Tamara Mielnik. Monday, 30.4. at 9.00 p.m.

### CINEMA

THE STATE OF THINGS (Portugal/Hollywood, 120 min., black and white, English with Hebrew and French subtitles). An 'almost documentary' film about the vulnerability of film-making, the story line in film, its unexpected turns and substitutes. Directed by Wim Wenders. Awarded the Golden Lion Prize of the 1982 Venice Film Festival. Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.; Saturday, 7.15, 9.30 p.m. On Saturday, 28.4. the Museum will be opened from 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. only.

### HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

8 Tarsat St., Tel Aviv. Tel. 287198; 299750.  
Visiting hours: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-9 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Friday closed.

### EXHIBITION

A PEAR AND AN APPLE - AN EXHIBITION ON STILL-LIFE

### VISITING HOURS

Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.  
Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.  
Closed Friday

27 Shaul Hamalech Blvd. Tel. 257361  
Information and box office: 261297

## THE MAD-DEAD SEA CANAL IS A HOT TOPIC IN TODAY'S NEWS.

When were the first plans drawn up (they were published in The Post)?

## A good researcher knows the resources available.

The Jerusalem Post Archives is the most complete and detailed source of information in English of events in Mandatory Palestine, Israel and the Middle East over the past fifty years.

Microfilm and microfiche from the pages of The Palestine Weekly, The Palestine Bulletin, The Palestine Post and The Jerusalem Post are available to students, scholars, librarians, educators and writers.

For more information write or call The Jerusalem Post Archives, POB 81, Jerusalem, or contact Inter Documentation Company AG, Poststrasse 14, 6300 Zug, Switzerland.

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A 1939 Palestine Post Letter to the Editor, published the long-forgotten plans of the Swedish engineer Albert Hjorth.

THE JERUSALEM POST

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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## WALKING TOURS

### Jerusalem Through the Ages

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Irsalite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3.5 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

### Archeological Tours

Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9 a.m. - Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 9 a.m. - Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 10 a.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday through Thursday at 1 p.m. - City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot. In English.

Other towns.

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 057-30448.

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post office in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

## FILMS IN BRIEF

BETRAYAL - A Sam Spiegel production of the Harold Pinter play. The study of a rather conventional ménage-a-trois involving two male best friends and the wife of one of them, but presented in reverse chronological order. Starring Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley and Patricia Hodge.

BIG LAUGH - An Israeli collection of "candid camera" shots, by Yehuda Barkan.

THE CHINA SYNDROME - Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon and Michael Douglas in a first class thriller that also makes a statement warning against the dangers of nuclear power. The film sets the stage for a hair-raising show-down with apocalyptic as the potential payoff. Well worth seeing.

DR. STRANGELOVE - Stanley Kubrick's anti-war comedy. With Peter Sellers and George C. Scott.



EVEN IF their names don't ring a bell, you've probably been singing their songs for years.

Since they married in 1958, Alan and Marilyn Bergman, one of Hollywood's few stable couples, have written the lyrics to such memorable classics as "Nice 'n Easy" (made famous by Frank Sinatra), "Yellow Bird" (the Four Aces), Oscar-winning "The Way We Were" (Barbra Streisand), Oscar-winning "Windmills of Your Mind" (Noel Harrison), and "What are you Doing for the Rest of Your Life?" (recorded by both Sinatra and Streisand). They've also scored dozens of movies, many of them together with Paris-born composer Michel Legrand (who first drew international attention with his score for *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*). The trio's latest joint effort, *Yentl*, several weeks ago earned the Bergmans their fourth Academy Award.

It was *Yentl*, in fact, which recently brought the Bergmans to Israel once more. They came as part of the Barbra Streisand entourage, with whom they have been associated musically since the '60s. The first words they ever penned for Streisand, even then in tandem with Legrand, was for a peace song called "One Day," which she performed at Lincoln Centre, backed by an orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein.

The Bergmans' breakfast-to-bedtime partnership has long intrigued the entertainment industry, as husband-and-wife teams are rare. The handful includes actor/director John Cassavettes and his actress wife Gena Rowlands; and director/producer Herbert Ross and his

## Musical marriage

BETWEEN ACTS / Joan Borsten

assistant/trouble-shooter wife Mora Kaye.

THE BERGMANS' professional and legal marriage would seem to have been almost predestined. They were born in the same Brooklyn hospital in the same year, and introduced in California by a composer who had them both on his payroll — Alan in the morning and Marilyn in the afternoon.

Alan — who is redlike, intense and introverted — began composing at 12, inspired by MGM musicals and Broadway shows. He arrived in Los Angeles from Philadelphia, where he'd been working for CBS-TV as a director. Encouraged by the late Johnny Mercer (whose popular songs include everything from "That Old Black Magic" and "Jeepers Creepers" to "Moon River"), Alan began writing music professionally.

Marilyn, née Keith — well-rounded, vibrant and extroverted — dreamed of becoming a concert pianist. Instead, in California to recuperate after an accident, she took up song-writing as a way to relax while her shoulder mended.

"The composer we were both working for suggested we meet, and try to help each other solve some of the musical problems we were having individually at the time," says Alan. "We did, and then said: 'Why don't we write a song together?' It was a very pleasant experience,

although that song has never been heard of since."

"It isn't that we ever sat down and said, 'Let's work together,'" continues Marilyn. "I don't remember at what point we decided the arrangement was working, but probably after we had written several songs together. Then we decided to get married as well, and there you are."

The Bergmans manage to co-author and co-exist so successfully, believes Marilyn, because there are no boundaries between their private and professional lives.

They live and work in an English Tudor home in Beverly Hills, surrounded by their antiques and windmill collection. From the first days of their marriage, Alan has automatically cleaned when Marilyn cooked, vacuumed when she marketed, dried when she washed the dishes.

A Bergman workday begins when Alan, who "wakes up singing," brings breakfast to Marilyn who "enters the world slowly like a deep-sea diver climbing to the surface." At ten, the couple walk 20 paces from their master bedroom to a small, cramped, non-airconditioned den ("We once had a large, airy studio and worked in one corner"). There Marilyn reclines on a tweed beige-and-brown sofa ("I do my best thinking when I'm horizontal").

Alan takes the nearby orange

chair. He flips on a cassette player, letting out brief bursts of music. The music is played time and again, a few bars at a time, while the Bergmans put words to it.

Occasionally they change positions to test their output. He sits down at a teak piano and plays the music, while she stands next to him and sings the words. Now writing out the lyrics longhand, now singing to make sure the words fit, the Bergmans hand each other alternatives like relay runners.

The Bergmans have become so attuned to working together that, "Now, for each of us, it is really like working alone." Their rapport is so complete that one frequently finishes a thought begun by the other. Their lyrics are such an amalgam that neither knows who put the "yellow bird" of calypso fame "up high in a banana tree."

"Until one of us gets an idea there's a lot of sitting around quietly," says Marilyn. "When our daughter was five, she once described what we do as: 'They go into the den, and sometimes there's music playing, and sometimes there isn't. Mostly they sit around and think and someone pays them.'"

Their joint career, which has pushed them into every phase of show business from Broadway plays to films and records, was generally what Marilyn describes as "a blur" until 1967. Then they rang up six successive Academy Award nominations in a six-year span, peaked by Oscars in 1969 for "Windmills of Your Mind" and in 1974 for "The Way We Were."

TOGETHER WITH Streisand, the Bergmans spent several years deter-



mining the type of musical score they wanted for *Yentl*.

"We realized when we first read the story that the main character, from the time she cuts her hair and dons the clothes of a man, has no one with whom to speak or share her innermost feelings," explains Marilyn. "So we decided that the style of music would be an 'inner voice,' with Barbra expressing her point of view through song."

Alan describes the *Yentl* music as an attempt at something innovative. "There are no 'show stoppers' or 'numbers' in *Yentl*," he says. "We tried instead to integrate the screenplay and lyrics so closely that you can't see seams. In that sense it was an experiment, a chance to continue a technique we first explored several years ago with the music to a two-hour TV movie starring Maureen Stapleton, called *Queen of the Stardust Ballroom*."

## The Yiddishe fidel

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm



Moshe Vainberg: conspiracy of silence.

THIS YEAR'S festive Independence Day Concert at the Jerusalem Theatre (to be broadcast over Kol Yisrael) will be a really special event, with Shlomo Mintz as the soloist in Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, and Yuri Aharonovitch conducting the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra.

Although Mintz has in recent years established himself as a world-class violinist, he returns frequently to Israel to perform. Just a few weeks ago he played with the Israel Philharmonic and the Israel Sinfonietta and was enthusiastically received.

Aharonovitch, a resident of Jerusalem, holds two very prestigious positions abroad: he has been the chief conductor and musical director of Cologne's famous Querenzheim Orchestra for the last nine years, a record for German orchestras; and since last season he has also been the chief conductor of the Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra.

In addition to the Tchaikovsky Concerto, attention will focus on the performance of Moshe Vainberg's Sixth Symphony, called in Russian "Die Yiddishe Fidel." Vainberg is not known outside the Soviet Union (he is not mentioned at all in the *New Grove*, and although he is counted among the front-rank composers, he seems to be a victim of a conspiracy of silence, experiencing the typical fate of a Jewish composer in the USSR).

Deeply rooted in his Jewish background, Vainberg nevertheless succeeded in conforming to certain party-dictated norms in order to survive. He survived the "Cultural Revolution" of the '40s, even winning the "approval" of party commis-

sar Tikhon Nikolayevich Khrennikov, a very minor composer who became prominent as a spokesman of Soviet "socialist realism."

His marriage to the daughter of the famous Jewish actor Solomon Mikhoels brought him imprisonment, fortunately cut short by Stalin's death in 1953. Vainberg was a student and friend of Dmitry Shostakovich, who very much appreciated his talents and is said to have remarked, concerning the Sixth Symphony: "A pity I didn't write it!"

Vainberg was born in Warsaw in 1919, went to Moscow in 1939 to continue his studies, and, after the Nazis invaded Poland, stayed on in Russia to become one of the most prolific Soviet composers. Musicologist Joachim Braun ("Jews and Jewish Elements in Soviet Music," IMP, 1978) lists four operas, three ballets, 11 symphonies and 12 quartets, as well as concertos, chamber music, about 100 songs, and film music. Aharonovitch tells me that Vainberg has now produced no fewer than 17 symphonic works.

Boris Schwartz, the expert on Soviet music (who died on the last day of 1983 in New York), said about the composer (in *Music & Music Life in Soviet Russia, 1917-1970*, Norton, New York, 1973): "In Vainberg's music, there is neither avoidance of, nor stress on, Jewishness; some of his works contain certain elements of Jewish folklore, while others employ a musical idiom related to Shostakovich and Bartok."

And Khrennikov said about him in 1948: "Vainberg was strongly influenced by modernistic music which badly mangled his undoubted talent. Turning to the sources of

Jewish folk music, Vainberg created a bright, optimistic work dedicated to the theme of the shining, free working life of the Jewish people in the land of Socialism. In this work [the Sinfonietta] he has shown uncommon mastery and a wealth of creative imagination."

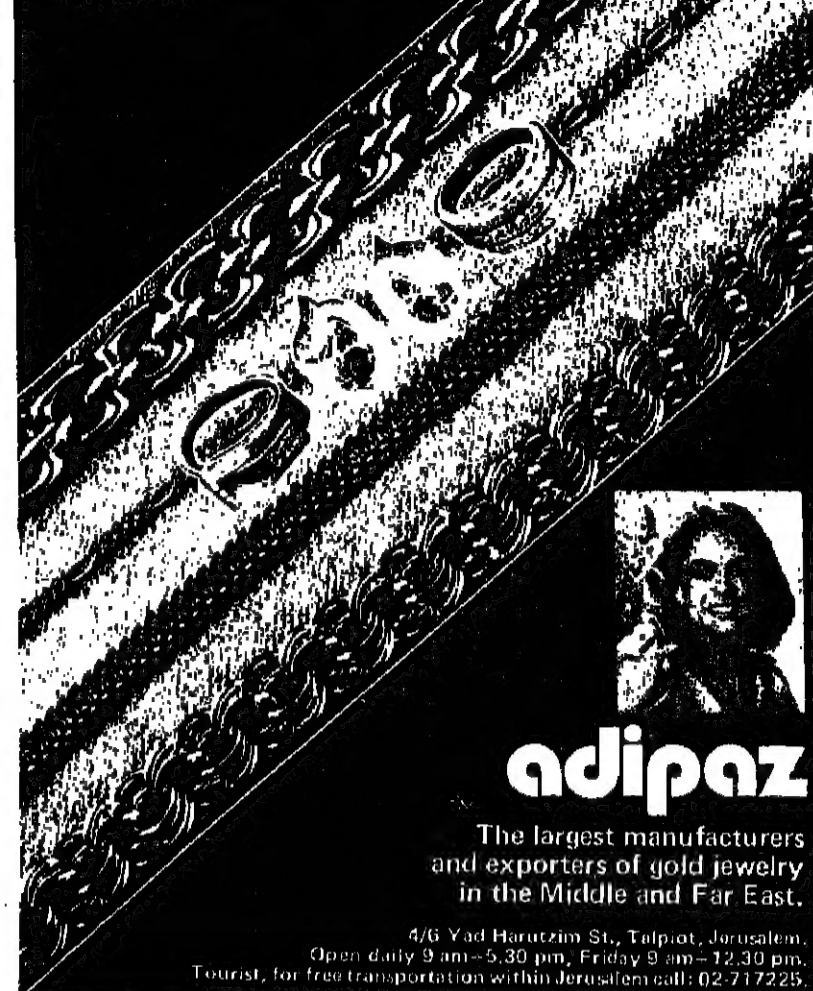
According to my (unpublished) sources, Vainberg is, indeed, very much influenced by his Jewishness, although he has often given his works titles with "Moldavian" or "Polish" associations. He is listed in Soviet encyclopedias but his works are rarely performed. For example, the Sixth Symphony, Opus 79, was finished in 1962 (the score was printed in 1965); Yuri Aharonovitch recorded the symphony with the Moscow Radio Symphony in 1964, but thinks it was never broadcast. Kyrill Kondrashin made a record, issued by Melodia, the official Soviet record company, conducting the "Moscow State Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra," with a boys' chorus from the Moscow School of Choral Singing. Kondrashin conducted the symphony only once publicly.

The cover of the record does not mention any association with the Holocaust, which undoubtedly is the subject of the two Yiddish poems by L. Kvitzko ("Das Fidele"), who was a victim of Stalin's purges, and S. Galkin ("There is a ditch in the red clay"). On the record these poems are translated (and sung) in Russian; apparently in order to neutralize the impact of the poems, the composer added a fifth movement, with a poem in Russian by M. Lukonin, which, as the note on the cover explains, "conveys the feelings of the peace-loving people: relax from the worries of the day...to work and live quietly on the morrow... There will be sunshine again and the violins will sing of peace on earth."

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APRIL 27 - MAY 4

Fri. at 2 pm: *All Quiet on the Western Front*  
Sat. at 7:30 pm: *Le Chagrin et la Pitié* part 1  
9:30 pm: *Le Chagrin et la Pitié* part 2  
Mon. at 7 pm: *The Prince Kid*  
9:30 pm: *4 Nights d'un Reveur*  
Tues. at 4 pm: *Oliver*  
7 pm: *The Battle of Algiers*  
Wed. at 7 pm: *Jagdzeiten aus Niederbayern*  
9:30 pm: *L'Etelle du Nord*  
Thurs. at 7 pm: *The Spy Who Loved Me*  
9:15 pm: *Negus (Drifting)*  
Midnight: *Prologue di Donna*  
Fri. at 2 pm: *L'Etelle Meurtier*

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הכנסת אל תחיל





Tishio De Sica  
TV, 22.00



James Joyce  
Voice of Music, 17.00



Leonard Bernstein  
Voice of Music, 9.30



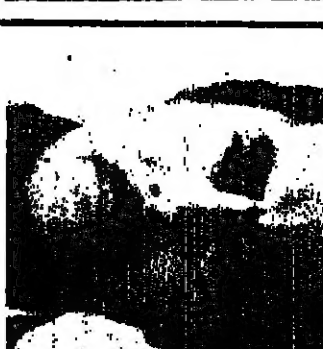
Dan Kater  
Radio 2nd, 14.10



Tishio De Sica  
TV, 20.02



Isser Harel  
TV, 21.45



Tishio De Sica  
TV, 22.35

**FRI DAY**

**SATURDAY**

**SUNDAY**

**MONDAY**

**TUESDAY**

**WEDNESDAY**

**THURSDAY**

**EDUCATIONAL**

17.30 Special Programmes about the Holocaust

**TV**

17.30 Special Programmes about the Holocaust

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17.30 Special Programmes about the Holocaust

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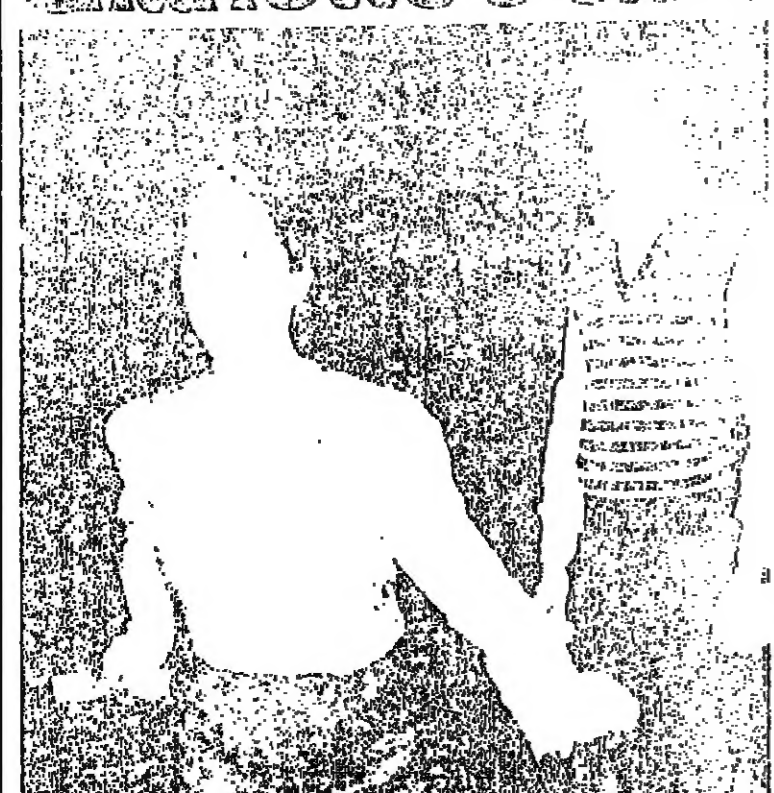
**TV**

17.30 Special Programmes about the Holocaust

**TV**

17.30 Special Programmes about the Holocaust

## Charlotte's case



Andrea Litt and Joseph Bee in Joyce Miller's "Charlotte."

### CURTAIN CALL / Marsha Pomerantz

BEFORE Charlotte Salomon was taken to Auschwitz at the age of 26, she managed to entrust a suitcase full of her paintings to a doctor in the South of France, a friend of her family's.

The paintings, accompanied by text and musical score, were an autobiographical series called *Life? Or Theatre?* They reflect her own struggle with the death instinct — six members of her family, including her mother and grandmother, committed suicide — and the parallel struggle of the Berlin society in which she came of age during the Nazi period.

The suitcase was accompanied by a note that said: "Will you take good care of this? It is my whole life." Last week, in Jerusalem's Katamon quarter, in a cramped bomb shelter rehearsal hall smelling vaguely of sweat, Andrea Litt came out from behind the black curtains, put a small suitcase down on the linoleum floor, and said the same words to the audience.

It was the opening of a play developed by the Jerusalem Drama Workshop, based on an adaptation of Charlotte's own text by Rinaht Joyce Miller, and directed by Miller and Mark Rittenberg. It will be the only original Israeli theatre production in the international Israel festival in Jerusalem, which begins next month. It last week's rehearsal is any indication, it will hold its own.

The workshop's production is not Charlotte's first exposure to the public. Prints of her paintings, which have the German text written into them, were published as an album about three years ago. Poet Judith Herzberg, who lives in Amsterdam, was the first to research Charlotte's life, beginning in the mid-60s, and she and Frans Weisz wrote the script for a film called *Charlotte*, which Weisz directed. The film has been a commercial success in Europe and North America; it was shown at Beth Hatefutsoth a year ago, and on Israel Television this week.

Both Herzberg and Weisz were at the rehearsal in the bomb shelter. "Seeing it, I wondered how we got through all the material in the script," said Weisz. "It's like cleaving a diamond. You have to find the heart."

Both production film and theatre, exposes different facets of the diamond. The film omitted the childhood section partly because, Herzberg explained, it is so distracting to use two actors, child and adult, for the same character. The current theatre production devotes the entire first act — the 45-minute run we saw last week — to Charlotte's childhood.

Both productions had the cooperation of Charlotte's stepmother, Paula Salomon-Lindberg, a retired opera singer and the only surviving "character" in the story. She gave Rittenberg world theatre rights in 1982.

SOME OF THE techniques employed in the workshop production are an integral part of the story itself. They merge in the figure of Alfred Wolfsohn, who was voice coach to "Paulinka," and mentor and friend to her stepdaughter.

Wolfsohn had fought in World War I. From the dying agonies of his friends in the trenches he developed a theory of the tremendous range and power of expression of the human voice, with or without words. He used some of that theory in his work with Paulinka, and later, when he was in England after World War II, he influenced a young South African actor named Roy Hart.

Hart set up a theatre collective which based its work on voice — what Wolfsohn called "the muscle of the soul." (Four actors from the Roy Hart Theatre presented a version of Leoncavallo's opera *Pagliacci* in Israel last year.)

Here the circle closes: Mark Rittenberg, the co-director of the current *Charlotte*, and Penny Kreitzer, who plays Paulinka and two of Charlotte's governesses, each studied at the Roy Hart Theatre for a year. Kreitzer, who sounds rich and versatile in her several roles, says she never sang on stage before the present production. Says Rittenberg: "All she had before she studied with Roy Hart was a high little South African crackle."

So, directly or indirectly, Alfred Wolfsohn, whom Charlotte calls Amadeus Daberlohn in her story, influenced both the characters and the actors. Wolfsohn (played by Yohanan Herson) was in love with

Paulinka, and Charlotte was in love with him. It was he who encouraged her to paint, and convinced her that only her own death in a fire would free her. After her grandmother committed suicide, she learned to paint, and in doing so, she learned to live. In her story, she learned to live, and in doing so, she learned to die. That is the heart of the story, and that is the heart of the production.

Some of the music for the theatre production is from non-accompanied Charlotte's script and has been adapted by Rittenberg, Nancy Sidel, and Joseph Bee. One of the songs is "Gotham Lullaby" by Anne Miller, composer, director and performer Meredith Mead.

THE PLAY THE world's voice experience a rare, of emotion, the human body serves a number of uses in the production. A chorus of three dancers — Anne Miller, Anne Miller and Anne Miller — provide commentary on the action, serve as figures from the paintings, focus attention and lend their bodies as props and set.

Charlotte's parents-to-be (played by Emma Ben Zvi and Joseph Bee) are a nurse and doctor. They meet in the operating room, where a patient lies on a table formed by the arms of two dancers. When the young groom goes off to World War I, it is the dancers, with their backs to the audience, who form the train taking him away against his will, as he turns and waves. Later, when Charlotte goes on a hike in the mountains of Bavaria with her governess, the latter is seen striding in place as the three dancers — now mountains — revolve and tumble around her.

Among the few intimate props are gloves. The doctor and nurse wear rubber surgical gloves in the operating room, and for the love scene, the doctor begins eagerly to remove one of the nurse's gloves. When the train comes to take him off to war, it is white gloves waved and discarded on the stage that signify separation and loss. Morning after his wife's suicide is indicated by long, black, leather gloves.

The characters who take their own lives do so subtly, as the incident is narrated, the slowly undo their hair and abandon the clip on the stage.

FOR SOME of the participants in the production, Charlotte's story offers a way to transform personal trauma into theatre. Ruth Frankel Kolan, who played Charlotte's grandmother opposite left-center, says she wanted to do the part because she associated it with her family's history.

She was born in Chorn of parents who escaped from Europe in 1938. She had two aunts who got out in time, and one who stayed, and died in Auschwitz in 1944. Kolan recently discovered the family correspondence between those who were in the right place at the right time and the one who wasn't.

"I'm not saying Charlotte is my father's sister," is the way she prefaces her story. But there is something compelling in Charlotte's life, art and death that makes her familiar, if not family.

Charlotte will be presented at the Jerusalem Khan on May 24, 25 and 26, in English, with Hebrew subtitles projected on a screen. During the coming year, the production will tour North America along with an exhibition of Charlotte's paintings, which are in the collection of the Jewish Historical Museum of Amsterdam. In mid-1985, the exhibition will come to Beth Hatefutsoth, and the play will be performed there in Hebrew.

## This Week in Israel Museum

this week at the Israel Museum Jerusalem

### EXHIBITIONS

**MASTER DRAWINGS FROM THE UFFIZI GALLERY:** An extraordinary show of 50 drawings by Italian masters of the 16th and 17th centuries, focusing on the Renaissance, Mannerism and the Baroque, and including, among others, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Tintoretto. Through the show lent by the renowned Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy, the Israel Museum is honoured to participate in its 400th anniversary celebration. (Until May 8)

**The Gallery of the Roman Period —** Renovation of the gallery and display of new finds such as the reconstructed statue of Harikion. (Opening May 1)

**Bet Ticho —** Works by Anna Ticho. Hanukkah lamps collected by Dr. Ticho and library (Dr. Ticho St., off Har Niv St.). Open Sun-Thurs., 10.30-14.30; Friday 10.30-12.30. (Opening May 2)

**A Window to Islam —** An exhibition dealing with some of the important areas of Islamic culture, such as religion, science and court life. (Sports Gallery, from 6.2) Nahum Tuvet — wall statues and models for large sculptures

**Jonathan Borofsky**  
Face and Body — photographs  
12 pages from the Cairo Geniza  
News in Antiquities — new finds from excavations  
Herion — 45 Years of Design  
David Schneider — posters and advertisements  
Tom Seidmann Freud — illustrations of children's books (courtesy of Dubek Ltd)  
Scraps — creating home theatre sets and greeting cards (courtesy of Merianna and Walter Griesmann)

**Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology**  
At the Rockefeller Museum, opposite Damascus Gate:  
Kadosh Baran — a fortress from the Judean Kingdom  
How to Study the Bible  
News in Antiquities — finds from Sidonian family tombs Akhazib, 10th-7th century BCE. Early Phoenician  
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A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery — a giant kylix of the late 8th century  
New mosaic floor in the Norman P. Schenker Antiquity Garden  
Image of Power — a finely carved, rare Maya stone figure representing an enthroned ruler (courtesy of Robert and Helen Kuhn, Los Angeles)  
1984 Museum Prizewinners — works by winners of annual Museum prizes for art

**EVENTS**

**FILM**  
Saturday, April 28 at 20.30  
SOPHIE'S CHOICE — POSTPONED

**CHILDREN'S FILM**  
Wednesday, May 2; Thursday, May 3 at 15.30  
TOM SAWYER  
Dir: Tom Taylor; with Warren Oates, Jodie Foster, Salsie Holm

**SPECIAL CONCERT**  
Monday, April 30 at 20.30  
ANNA MAGDALENA AND FAMILY  
Works by the Bach family and friends. Readings from Anna Magdalena's diary. With the Israel Baroque Players.

**FILM**  
Tuesday, May 1 at 18.00 and 20.30  
MY FAVOURITE YEAR (USA 1983)  
Dir: Richard Benjamin; with Jessica Hahn and Peter Onorato

**CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR**  
Wednesday, May 2 at 18.00 (in English)  
For 7-9 year olds (with children's participation)

**GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH**  
Museum: Sun. 11.00 & 15.00; Tues. 11.00 & 15.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00  
Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 15.00  
Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00  
Rockefeller Museum (opposite Damascus Gate): Friday at 11.00

**RUTH YOUTH WING**  
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BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00  
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. and Sat. 10.00-14.00

**LIBRARY HOURS:** Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00 (Please note that the library will be closed April 30, May 1 and May 2)

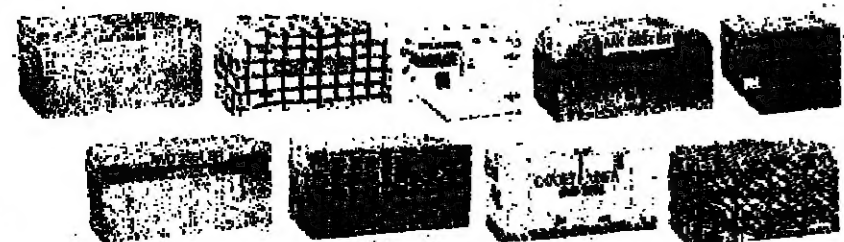
**TICKETS FOR SATURDAY.** Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv-Rococo, Etzion, La'an and Castel; Jerusalem-Kia'im  
Museum is located on Ruppin Street, Tel. (02) 698211.



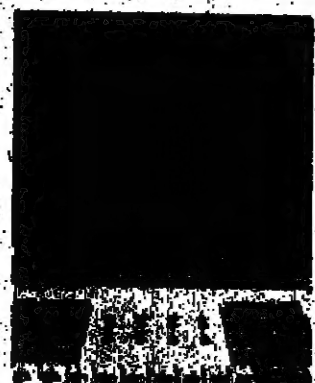
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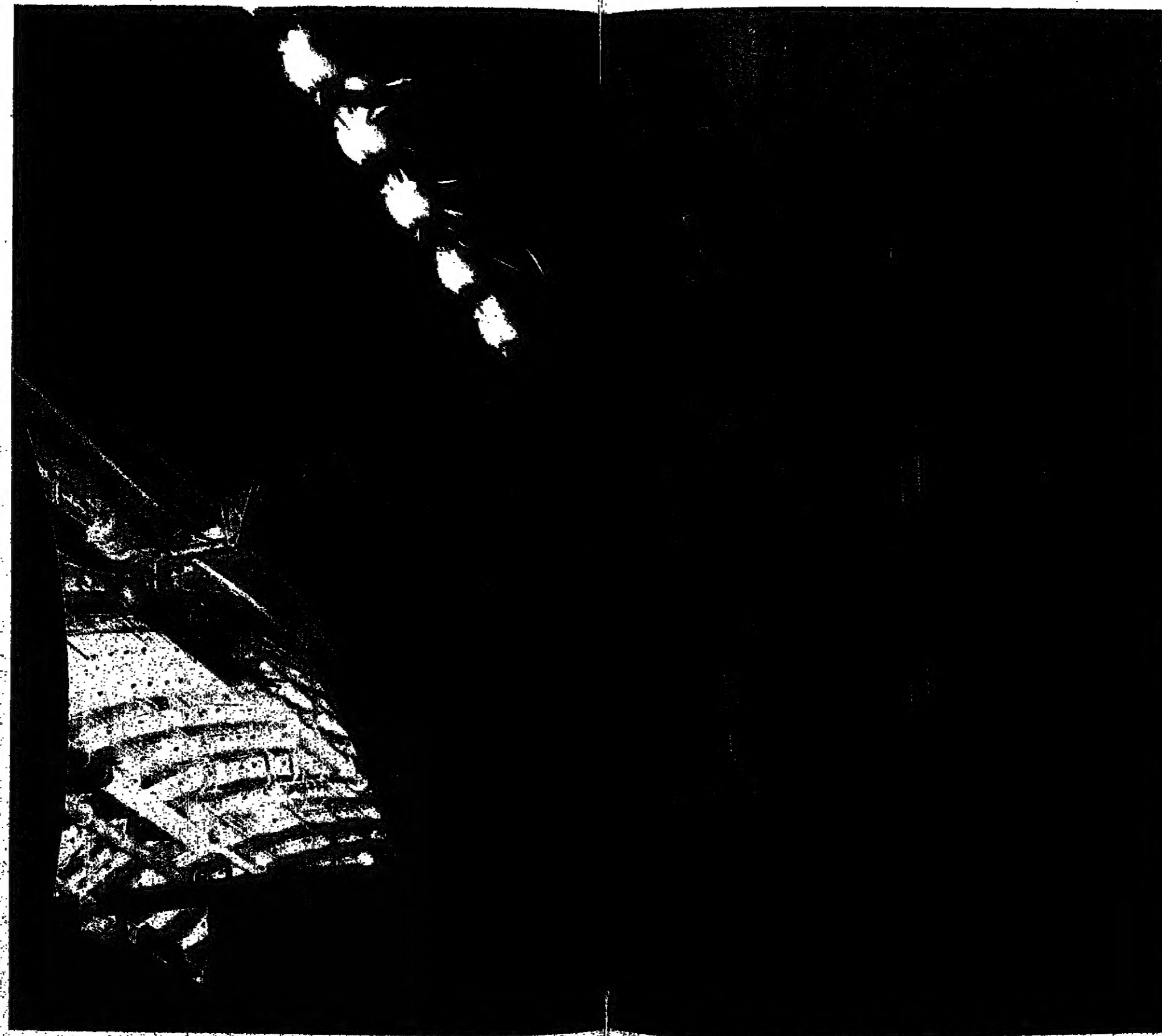
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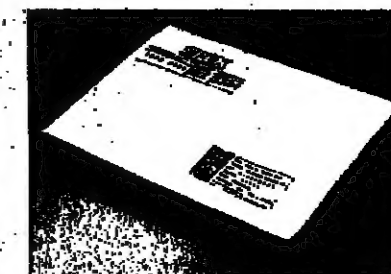


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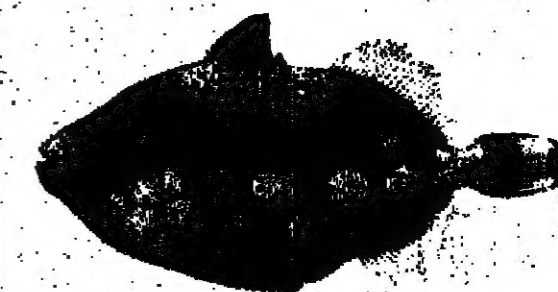


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## This Week in Israel - The SERVICES TEL AVIV

### Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nathan Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting hours: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday at 10 am-5 pm; Wednesday 10 am-9 pm; Friday and Saturday CLOSED.  
— Children under the age of 8 are not permitted.  
— Organized tours must be pre-arranged. Tel. 03-426161, Sun.-Thurs. 9 am-1 pm.  
Permanent Exhibit  
The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.  
Chronosphere  
A special audio-visual display depicting the migrations of the Jewish people.

**EXHIBITIONS**  
1. The Jews of Kailang, Chinese Jews on the Banks of the Yellow River.  
2. "Memories of Jewish Poland - 1932" Photographs by Nachum T. Gidai  
**JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE**  
"The Chosen" A special relationship between two Jewish boys from different backgrounds who live in New York. The time is the Second World War. The film is based on the book by Chaim Potok. Starring: Maximilian Schell, Rod Steiger, Robt. Benson. Directed by Paul Kagan. The film is in English with French and Hebrew subtitles. Thursday, May 3 at 8.30 pm.  
Admission fee: \$4.00; for members of Friends Association: \$3.00.  
Courtesy of **bank leumi** בנק לאומי

**EVENTS**  
1. Screening of the film "Genocide". The story of European Jewry before and during the Holocaust. Produced by the Shimon Wiesenthal Center. Narration: Orson Welles, Elisabeth Taylor. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles. Admission fee: \$4.00; for members of Friends Association: \$3.00. Sunday, Holocaust Memorial Day, April 28 at 8.30 pm.  
2. "Has American Jewry Turned its Back on Israel?" A discussion in English. (In cooperation with the American-Jewish Committee and "Forum" - a quarterly on affairs of the Jewish people, Zionism and Israel. Published by the Information Department of the World Zionist Organization.) Participants: Mordechai Bar-On, Prof. Steven Cohen, Shmuel Katz, Harry Well. Moderator: Amnon Hadari. Monday, April 30 at 8 pm.  
3. An Auction of Judaica Objects. Under the auspices of the Association of Friends of Beth Hatefutsoth in Israel. All proceeds will be devoted to the funding of the photo-documentation of Vanishing Jewish Communities. The auction will be held at the Tel-Aviv Hilton, Thursday, May 3 at 8 pm. The evening will be conducted by Marie Pear. Cold buffet: 8 pm-9 pm. Tickets available at entrance to auction. Admission fee: \$10.00. The price of admission will be deducted from any purchase at the auction. The objects can be seen at the Tirosh Gallery, 25 Gordon St., Tel Aviv, April 30 to May 2 at 10 am-1 pm; 8-8 pm.  
Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel-Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat-Aviv; Tel.: 03-426161. Buses 13, 24, 26, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 274.

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## Batsheva at 20

DANCE / Dora Sowden



THE BATSHEVA Dance Company is celebrating its 20th anniversary. Except for the Inbal Dance Theatre, now 35, this is the oldest existing company in Israel - certainly the oldest professional modern company. (Both Gertrud Kraus's group of the Forties and Anna Sokolow's "Lyric Theatre" of the Fifties were short-lived.)

The celebration year begins with a special evening at the Ohel Shem Theatre in Tel Aviv on May 2 and will be marked by several new productions, including Paul Taylor's *Esplanade* (already staged) and Alvin Ailey's *Escapades*, which will have its Tel Aviv premiere on May 28-29.

In a way, these two names tell the company's story - an esplanade of talent over the years and escapades of development. Founded by Baroness Batsheva de Rothschild (who had settled in Israel in 1958) it made its debut in 1964. Martha Graham, a close friend of the baroness, accepted dancers to train in her New York school and, as artistic adviser, allowed the company to present some of her works.

Gradually Batsheva began to make its mark. With such splendid



would thus be one management, cutting costs.  
At a meeting (said to have been stormy) the Batsheva Company refused this offer and went to the press with its grievances. The details of this episode are best forgotten but its place in the story cannot be ignored.

THE BATSHEVA Company decided to "go public." Today it is supported by the Arts Council of the Ministry of Education and Culture, by the America Israel Culture Foundation and by its subscription series.

Batsheva de Rothschild graciously allowed the company the use of the Rehov Habaskala studios that had been shared with the Bat-Dor Company; for by this time, the new Bat-Dor Studios in Ibn Gabirol Street had been completed, together with the little Bat-Dor Theatre. Recently, however, the Habaskala building was sold and the Batsheva Company had to vacate the premises. It is now temporarily housed in the Ohel Shem Theatre - with hopes for better from the Tel Aviv Municipality.

The company has carried on with conspicuous success and much public support. A hitch was the withdrawal of the franchise for the Martha Graham works, but many other distinguished choreographers came - including John Cranko, Kurt Jooss, Donald McKayle, Robert Cohan. Some choreographers even became artistic directors for a period; among them Brian Macdonald, Paul Sanasardo.

This was one of the weaknesses of the company: that it had too frequent changes of directors. Each new one did, of course, contribute something fresh, including new works, but in some ways each changed the style of the company. True, even without the Graham works, the main characteristics are still recognizably Graham, but the shifts have not always been beneficial.

Three years ago it looked as if the directorship would finally be stabilized. Moshe Romano, an Israeli who had been working for eight years with the London Contemporary Dance Theatre under artistic director Robert Cohan (a Graham principal dancer) was appointed artistic director, with Cohan agreeing to be artistic adviser.

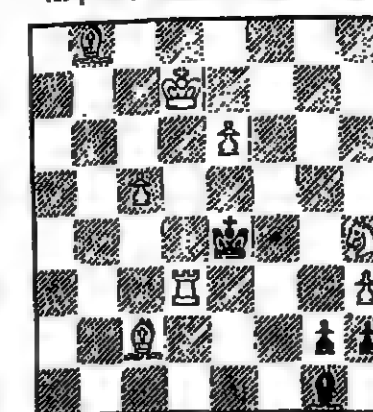
Romano resigned last year and David Dvir, a leading dancer of the company, has been acting as director, with Cohan still as adviser and still contributing works to the repertoire. William Strum became manager and brought the company into the black.

There is everything to be said for having as many companies in Israel as can maintain themselves and a professional standard. The Batsheva Company is certainly doing that. In sum, it keeps its status as one of the major professional companies and does a considerable amount of touring abroad. So congratulations and celebrations are well and truly deserved, and all Israeli dance lovers will wish the company even more success in the next 20 years.

AS THE visiting company for its subscription series, the Bat-Dor Dance Company will this season be host to Het National Ballet of Holland. The programme will be entirely of works by the famous choreographer Hans van Manneken who is celebrating his tenth anniversary with the Dutch company.  
The number of subscribers for Bat-Dor has risen so much that the Bat-Dor organization is issuing 10,000 copies of a special booklet of information.

## CHESS Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No.3170  
F. DAVIDENKO, USSR  
1st prize, Chess in USSR, 1980



White mates in three (8-4)  
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3168 (Gribblatt). Setplay 1.-Bd4/Bd5 2.c3/c4; 1.Nf5! threat 2.d3; 1.-Bd4/Bd5 2.c4/c3.

**OSCARS WINNERS**  
OARY KASPAROV was voted best

player of 1983 by 116 chess journalists from 37 countries. Kasparov, who received the chess Oscar for the second year running, accumulated 984 points. World champion Anatoly Karpov was second with 918 points, and Victor Korchnoi third, with 631 points.

The women's Oscar went to Sweden's Pia Cramling with 847 points, ahead of world champion Maya Chiburdanidze, 792 points, and former champion Nona Gaprindashvili, with 657 points.

**BEERSHEBA INCREASES LEAD**  
RELENTLESS Beersheba jumped yet another hurdle in the race to win the Israel Team Championship by beating Hadera Hapoel 5½ - ½ in the sixth round of First Division play. Technion ASA beat Rehovot Hapoel 4-2. Tel Aviv Youth Centre beat Ramat Gan Hapoel 3½ - 2½, and Rishon LeZion Feldklein beat Jerusalem ASA with the same result. Kiryat Sprinkak failed to appear for its match with Tel Aviv ASA.

Overall standings after the sixth round: Beersheba, 27½ points; Feldklein 22; Ramat Gan, 18½; Tel

Aviv ASA 17½(6); Hadera, 17½; Youth Centre, 17; Technion ASA, 15½; Jerusalem ASA, 14½; Rehovot 12½; and Kiryat Sprinkak, 11½(6).

**HUNGARY'S WONDER GIRL**  
THE INTERNATIONAL tournament in Budapest organized by the Utesellato club received special attention from chess fans. The reason: 14-year-old Zuzsa Polgar, the only woman player in the all-men event and the youngest participant. She finished fifth with 7 points out of 12 games, quite an achievement!

Among Zuzsa's victims were an international Master, the winner of the event, B. Perenti, and S. Kovacevic of Yugoslavia and I. Novak of Czechoslovakia.

Recently Zuzsa participated in the Hungarian Open National Championship and scored 7½ points out of 11 games, thereby fulfilling the norm for the first mark of an international Master for men.

The game with Perenti came to the following position after White's 20th move:  
White(Perenti) - Kc1; Qd2; Rd1, Rb1; Nc3, Ne3; Pa2, b2, c2, f2, g3, h4. (12). Black (Polgar) - Kg8;

Qd7; Rd8, Rf8; Bc6, Be7; Pa6, b5, d6, e4, e5, g7, h6. (13). Black to play.

20. - d5! 21.Nc:d5 Bc5 22.Qe2 Bd4 23.c4 bc 24.Nc3 Qb7 25.Qc2 Rb8 26.Rde1 Bc3! 27.Qc3 Rf2 28.Nd1 Rg2 29.Rh1 Rh2 30.Rh1 Rh1 31.Rh1 Qc7 32.Re1 Bf5 33.Ne3 Bc6 34.Nd1 Bb5 35.Re4 Qa5 36.Qa5 Ra5 36.Qa5 Ra5 37.a3 Kf7 38.Ne3 Re5 39.Kd2 Kf6 40.Kc3 a5 41.Nc4 Bd5. White resigns.

**DISAPPOINTING FAVOURITES**  
THE MAIN favourites in the recent Austrian Championship, veteran international masters A. Dickstein and A. Beni, far from lived up to their fame and found themselves in the lowest part of the table. The winner was 30-year-old FIDE master Adolf Herzog with the fine score of 11 points out of 13 games.

The following game was unanimously acclaimed the most interesting in the event, revealing amazing tactical resourcefulness.  
**G.TSEBISH V. VITTMAN**  
1.d4 d5 2.c4 Nc6 3.Nc3 Nf6 4.Nf3 Bg4 5.cd Nd5 6.e4 Nc3 7.bc e5 8.d5 Nb6 9.Qa4 Nd7 10.Ne5 Qb6 11.f4

Qd7; Rd8, Rf8; Bc6, Be7; Pa6, b5, d6, e4, e5, g7, h6. (13). Black to play.  
20. - d5! 21.Nc:d5 Bc5 22.Qe2 Bd4 23.c4 bc 24.Nc3 Qb7 25.Qc2 Rb8 26.Rde1 Bc3! 27.Qc3 Rf2 28.Nd1 Rg2 29.Rh1 Rh2 30.Rh1 Rh1 31.Rh1 Qc7 32.Re1 Bf5 33.Ne3 Bc6 34.Nd1 Bb5 35.Re4 Qa5 36.Qa5 Ra5 36.Qa5 Ra5 37.a3 Kf7 38.Ne3 Re5 39.Kd2 Kf6 40.Kc3 a5 41.Nc4 Bd5. White resigns.

**BRILLIANT TOUCH**  
White - Khl; Qd2; Re5; Bd5; Pa2, a3, f6, g2, h3. (9). Black - Kh7; Rb8, Rd6; Nc6; Ne6; Pb7, c7, f7, g6, h5. (10).  
1.Rh5! gh 2.Be4 Kg8 3.Qh6. Black resigns. (Fils - Szymczak, Poland, 1983).

**ART OF ATTACK**  
White - Ke1; Qd1; Ra1; Rb1; Bb2, Bd3; Nd2, Ne8; Pa3, b3, c2, d4, e3, f4, g2, h2. (16). Black - Kg8; Qe7; Ra8, Rf8; Bc8, Bd6; Nc6, Nd7; Pa7, b7, c5, d5, e6, f6, g7, h7. (16).

11.Bh7! Kh7 12.Qh5 Kg8 13.Ng6 Qe8 14.dc Nc5 15.Nf3! (threatening 16.Ng5) 15. - Ne7 (15. - e5 16.f6 Ne5 17.Be5 Be5 18.Nf5 f6 19.Qh8 Kf7 20.Nf8) 16.Qh8 Kf7 17.Ng5! Black resigns. Bither 17. - f6! 18.Qg7x, or 17. - Kg6 18.Qh7x. (Zaitzova - Rubtsova, Sochi, 1983).

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AN INTERNATIONAL film crew, shooting a science-fiction opus entitled *The Survivors* is stranded on a beach in Portugal. All their film stock is used up; they have no money to go on with the movie; and the producer in Hollywood doesn't answer their frantic phone calls. Finally, the director, at the end of his tether, flies to Los Angeles, and there, he has to face the sad realities of film economics.

This is the plot of Wim Wenders' 1982 movie *The State of Things*, the German director's very personal contribution to a genre which already includes such well-known pictures as Fellini's *8½*, Truffaut's *Day for Night* and Godard's *Le Mépris*. This isn't just the film within a film, more frequently encountered on the screen, but a barely veiled, intimate experience of the filmmaker himself and the problems he faces every day of his life.

The director in *The State of Things* is called Fritz Munro. He is of German origin and identifies his problems not only with those of Wenders himself, but also with those of two Germans who went to Hollywood long before him, and had to adapt to a different reality: Friedrich Murnau and Fritz Lang. Wenders idolizes both of them.

And not only them. Wenders is an authentic movie freak, whose love of cinema, and especially American cinema, is such that he can't resist quoting everybody and everything all over the place. John Ford is mentioned a number of times and the novel on which one of his greatest films was based, *The Searchers*, is used on several occasions for moral support. Samuel Fuller, the revered B-pictures master, plays a cameraman who dispenses such wisdom as "Life is in colour, but black and white is more real." Roger Corman, the maverick film director turned producer, plays

## Am insatiable jockey

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

a smart L.A. lawyer who knows exactly what his interests lie. And *The Survivors* is a remake of an old Allan Dwan film, *The Most Dangerous Man Alive*. Now, it sometimes happens that references of this kind are winks by the filmmaker to the knowledgeable spectator, a sort of inside joke enjoyed by those in the know, but not absolutely essential for grasping the meaning of the movie itself. Here, however, they are the core of the matter, the reason for the existence of the film. Wenders is appraising his own profession, and uses a language that is not immediately communicable to those who are not especially interested in it. Hence, for one kind of audience this picture is a must, while for the rest, it may well look like a riddle, self-indulgent and too loosely constructed to make sense.

THE FIRST half of the film, which takes place in an abandoned Portuguese summer resort, deserted because it is out of season and the skies are grey (which is quite the hue indicated for *The Survivors*), is very much a movie about immobility. People who are usually driven forward and kept together by their activity together, fall apart once the movement stops, and there is no major source of energy to keep them away from their own selves. Wenders' camera moves from one character to another, juxtaposing the natural childish vivacity of two little girls who have parts in the film with the self-destructive attitude of the grown-ups each fighting his own

depression, his private demons and his personal fears of failing emotionally, professionally, or both.

The second part of the film is more typical of Wenders, for it is clearly a road film. Fritz Munro scours Los Angeles in search of his Jewish producer, and finally catches up with him as he himself is on the run from those who have invested their (black) money with him. Here everything is rendered in movement: there is no respite; no participant in the game dares stand still, for once you stop, there is no guarantee that you can start again. And the name of the game is, of course, making films.

For someone close to this game, it is difficult to be impartial about this picture. You either agree or disagree with Wenders' point of view, which sees movie people as living exclusively in their movies, really being merely a bridge between one shooting schedule to another. If you agree, you are entranced by Wenders' approach to these people and his portrayal of their aimless drifting into real life, which no scriptwriter has shaped beforehand. If you disagree, you may even feel insulted by this attitude. If you are not familiar with this world, you probably couldn't care one way or another.

Wenders has repeatedly refused to confirm the more personal aspects of this film. He denies it is about himself or his experiences, but there are too many similarities not to invite comparisons. Wenders has himself been

stranded in the middle of a film, not only by Francis Coppola on *Hombre*, but also when he was working on *Im Lauf der Zeit* which he produced himself, and ran out of money.

To make *The State of Things*, he used most of the cast and the crew of a fellow filmmaker, Raul Ruiz, who was shooting his own film in Portugal. The gist of his differences with Coppola is succinctly put across by his producer in this film, who explains that all his investors wanted was a story in colour. Wenders, who specializes in characters and situations, not stories, first tried to shoot *Hammelt* in black and white, and once he was persuaded to use colour, asked his cinematographer to find the nearest possible parallel to black and white. (*The State of Things* is entirely in black and white, shot by Henri Alekan, the fabulous Frenchman who did the Jean Cocteau classics.) And, of course, there is the superficial resemblance between actor Allan Gurwitz, playing the producer, and Francis Coppola, who was Wenders' real producer in America.

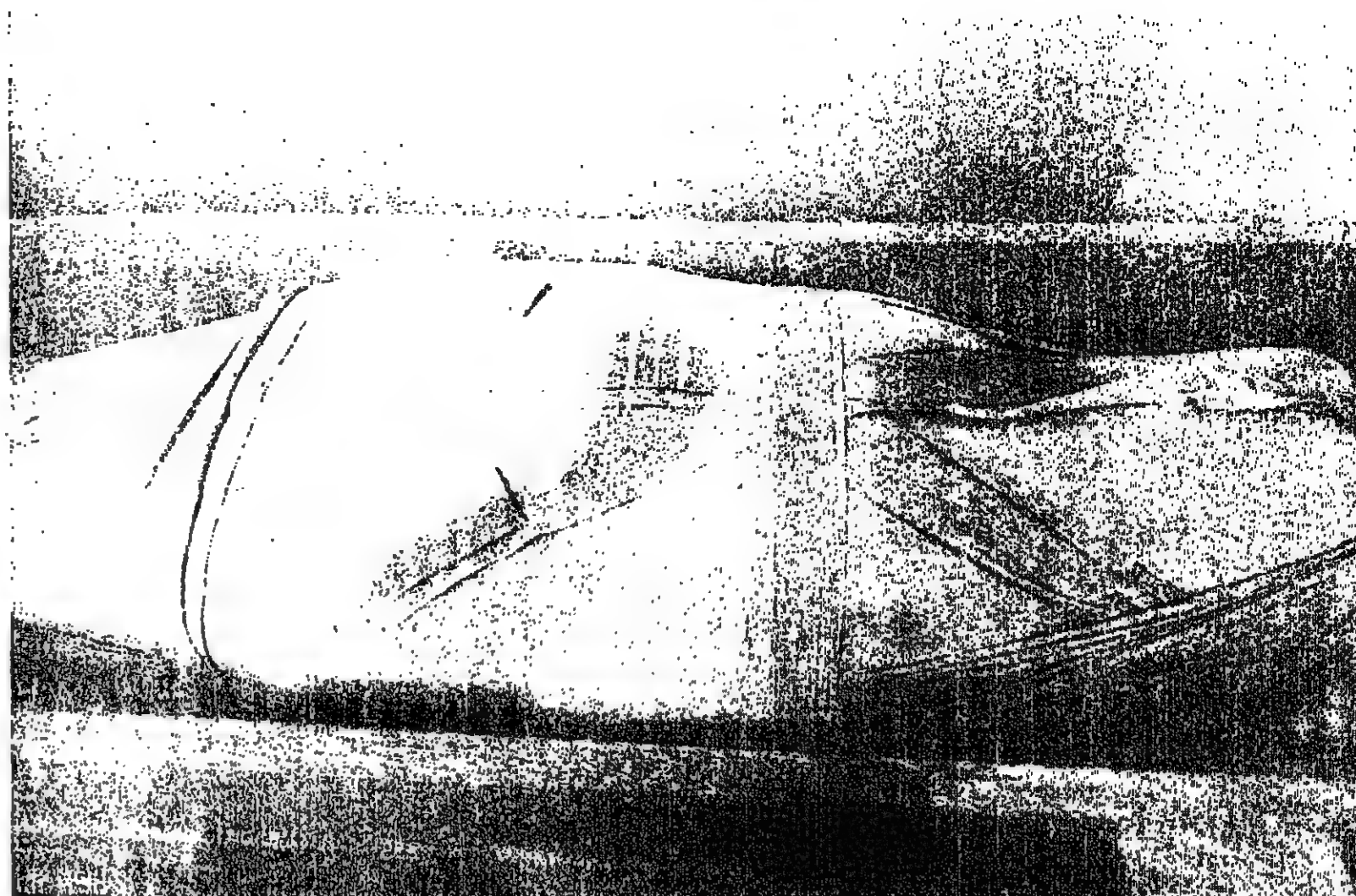
In any case, personal or not, Wenders remains an exciting, unconventional director, who appears to be much more at home with his own improvisational manner of working — films planned, prepared, written and put into production in a couple of weeks — than with the methodical, thorough approach of the American school, which has everything down on paper, to the last detail, before the camera is brought in. With Wenders, scripts are just rough plans subject to improvement and change at every step and it may well be that this was his main clash with the American industry he had long worshipped from afar.

MAYBE IT IS only nostalgia, but I somehow remember Preston

Sturges' *Unfaithfully Yours* as a magical combination between brilliant Lubitsch-style satire and madcap, slapstick comedy. It was all about an orchestra conductor who suspects his wife of infidelity and invents three separate ways of avenging himself, each to the tune of a different classical favourite. When he tries to put his plan into practice, he discovers that it is much more difficult to commit mayhem than to dream it up, and he has to shuffle from one scheme to another in the most farcical way. Especially as the conductor was a respectable musician played by Rex Harrison in impeccable tails.

Howard Zieff's recent remake of this film is funny enough in its way, but only a pale copy of the original. First, there is only one musical piece to inspire the conductor's ire, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto. Then, there is Dudley Moore in the lead, certainly familiar with the musical scene, but hardly the kind of person you would be surprised to see in a collection of ridiculous circumstances. As a matter of fact, he has already carved himself a niche in Hollywood as the sexually frustrated mini-male, whose passion for the opposite sex and fear that it will not be reciprocated leads to all sorts of crazy situations.

Which makes the entire plot much simpler and quite pedestrian, lacking the virtuosity required by such a theme. Still, there is at least one scene that has managed to preserve the right flavour: Dudley Moore and Armand Assante, who plays a violinist suspected of being the lover of the conductor's wife, fight a symbolical duel in a nightclub while fiddling away at each other. Natasha Kinsky, as the object of this duel, is her own pretty self, but then nobody requires anything more from her in this role.



## Being there with Bar-Am

THE reason Micha Bar-Am is the most outstanding photojournalist in Israel today is that he always keeps extremely close to the inherent humanity in his assignments. Even when Bar-Am's subject is an inanimate object, the positioning, lighting and vantage point somehow proclaim an essential quality of man, be it emotional, social or political.

Bar-Am's photographs could best be described as "being there." Documenting the major events of our times, Bar-Am combines a vivid sense of reportage with balanced artistry.

A Bar-Am homicide transcends the realistic aspect of photography by wrapping the event into a comprehensive esthetic package, making the event more poignant and meaningful and the final image more lasting. This Bar-Am package is derived from split-second framing of an incident, a fantastic eye for composition, a sensitivity to colour (tones of black and white) and technical knowledge that allows him to play with light and texture to meet particular objectives.

Bar-Am's photographs revolve around the country's social condition as it is traditionally coloured by the political and military events. Pictures are filled with drama, pathos and a fair amount of wit, as well as humour that reduces the tension of recognizable times and places. In this respect Bar-Am's photos say much more than what they are.

Their meaning goes beyond the borders of the frame as they touch universal nerve ends. There is never any whitewashing or protracted memorabilia with Bar-Am. His is an honest art without frills in the grand tradition of Bresson (shown in the classical triangular composition of a boy grasping at his mother's foot while she is being dragged from her house in Yamit). Duncan (as witness in the grainy abstraction of

figurative gestures and human suffering on the Sinai battlefield), and Frank Capra (observe the features of the ranting rabbi).

"The art of photography is literary before it is anything else," said Clement Greenberg. Bar-Am goes one step further. He records our lives with a cadence of real life, a sense of history often composed from ordinary stuff. Bar-Am's choice of frames speaks for us all. (Camera Obscura, 57 Allenby, Tel Aviv. Till May 13.)

NOT BEING familiar with her "old places," one can only assess Barbara Holland's "New Places," a score of acrylic paintings on paper whose basic references, according to the artist, are steeped in experiences and attitudes surrounding her life in Israel, where she has been living for the past five years.

Holland is a former Californian, and her "places" are psychological dialogues defined and moulded as independent, interfacing shapes placed on scraped and mottled backgrounds. These two opposing, quasi-anomalous forms are imaginary in that they generate or project a curious, non-fiction world. It would be mere conjecture to discuss what Holland's images are or who they are, for they contain no recognizable figurative detailing other than an organic contour. It must suffice to evaluate their position as that of opposing powers or antagonists.

This concept is perfectly logical considering the Israel experience, a daily encapsulation of conflict and dialogue as a major life force, dynamic but not always destructive. A visual composition based on this concept naturally leads to opposing sides (two shapes), one the aggressor and the second the defender.

Or in more human terms (extrapolated from a national conscience and international scale), one cannot underestimate an artistic parallel

with Freudian precepts of sexuality (need, fear, aggression, reprisal, etc.) and how these almost instinctual patterns are considered in Holland's paintings.

Her use of beaks and protrusions, of "body language" compositions and of dominating vs. recessive shapes, is blatantly erotic. Also, Holland's images are kept two dimensional as a sign of the subconscious, undefined, contours of reality bordering on atmospheric shadows devoid totally of substance.

Holland's paintings are both simple and complex. The visual impact is brought off by the psychological innuendoes, supported by cult reference to tribal art, the magic of Paul Klee, Goya's graphics and gregarious surfaces associated with the Chicago monster school. Holland's exhibit is more of an intellectual exercise than a presentation of esthetic works of art. Her objective is to create undecorated pictures whose cryptic messages are interesting enough to warrant deciphering.



(Top) Micha Bar-Am: photograph. Muminy (Camera Obscura, Tel Aviv). (Above) Israel Hargil: sculpture (Hayarkon Park Art Pavilion, Tel Aviv). (Left) Zeev Hertz: photograph (Society for Photo Art, Tel Aviv).

abundance of impressionistic and lyrical scribbling and scratching. The flowers, framed with other elements or used as a jumping point for painterly or chromatic juggling, remain nondescript.

This critic is not anti-flowers. But the idea that paintings of their offspring or forefathers, rendered in a cross section of styles, sizes and technique make for good viewing in one large shot, is off-putting.

This show is a commercial venture whose obvious objective is to solve a problem of overstocking. Some of the participants: Zuritsky, Castel, Gat, Gutman, Yosi Bergner, Grobman, Levannon, Kadishman, Tepler, Dorit Feldman, Lavi and Gershuni. (Zvi Noam Art Gallery, Leviv House, 30 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv. Till May 1.)

OTHER Tel Aviv shows:

□ Prints by Dan Krieger and sculptures by Israel Hargil inaugurate the sixth year of activities at the Yarkon Park Art Pavilion, (Yarkon Park. Open daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., including Saturdays and Holidays. Friday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.)

□ Paintings entitled "The Jogger" by Maurice Kaplan. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi.)

□ Marek Yanael, an Israeli hyper-realist with excellent record shows more of the same. (York Gallery, 52 Boustani, Ramat Hasharon. Till April 28.)

□ "Hingadah" and "Massada" paintings by Raymond Morelli and art books edited by George Israel are being exhibited under the auspices of the French Embassy and the Tel Aviv Municipality. (Bet Ariela Library, 25 King Saul Blvd. Hagadda till April 30, and Massada till June 7.)

□ Experimental photograms by Eli Lemberger (Kfar Zolot) and Zeev Hertz include some dramatic nude studies in grunulated black and X-ray greys. (Society for the Advancement of Photographic Art, Esther Hanalka cr. Shulamit. Till April 28.)

□ "Five Painters Paint Tel Aviv" to commemorate the city's 75th birthday. Dinah Enoch, Shmuel Benaim, Menachem Chalfi, Avi Katz and Chaim Rosental. (Gallery 131/2, 13 Hadolfin, Jaffa.)

□ Paintings and wall hangings by Hannah Libon. (Old Jaffa Gallery, Sinitat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa. Till May 16.)

□ "Man and Landscape," oils, drawings and panda on paper by Abraham Mandel. (Mishkan Leomani, 31 Herzfeld, Holon. Till April 25.)

JERUSALEM:

□ An exhibition of drawings, "The Road Through Theresienstadt," by Peter Gluz (1928-1944) and Chava Pressburger (Eva Ginz) (Yad Vashem, The Art Museum, Har Hazikaron.)

□ Paintings by Farideh entitled "Heaven and Earth." (Gimel Gallery, 4 King Shlomo Street. Till May 8.)

HAIFA:

□ "Hoimekler's People" (Goldman's Art Gallery, 93 B Hanassi.)

EIN HAROD MUSEUM OF ART:

□ Moshe Pinhasi, paintings, "A Jewish Romance." Till May 19. Prints by Pinchas Cohen Gau. Till May 12.

□ "Reality and Illusion" (in cooperation with the Israel Museum). Till June 30.

CORRECTION. On the art page on April 13 the portrait subject used by Uri Lifshitz for recent prints was unfortunately named as Shmuel Kraus instead of Joe Melunid. We regret this error and apologize to all concerned.

It was an inspiration to begin Haim Gil's *Three Days in Sejera* with shots of Nahum Horowitz, the remarkable survivor of the days when *Hashomer* was formed, having a look at the actors playing the most important roles. Of Sinai Peter, who acted David Green (later to change his name to Ben-Gurion), Horowitz commented dubiously that there was a certain resemblance from the forehead up. He thought that Shraga Harpaz as Israel Shohat was less successful. I hasten to add that both actors, irrespective of the accuracy of their make-up, gave splendid interpretations of their parts.

From Horowitz, the film moved dramatically to the incident that was the catalyst of the drama: two Arab handis holding up two Jews and an Arab on their way past Kafr Kanna to Sejera, and stealing a camera. Pachter, a rather neurotic type, drew a pistol and shot one of the robbers, who later died of his wounds.

Although I commend these opening scenes as a very attention-catching device, I must confess that I found the filming and acting of the robbery and the shooting unconvincing and amateurish. So, for that matter, were other action shots throughout the programme.

For instance, at no stage was I convinced by the moans and groans of the guard who had been shot in the back from ambush, and who was holding his stomach and writhing in extremes of agony. Perhaps the bullet had gone right through him, and he was clutching the exit wound, although such an injury might be expected to render him unconscious.

Haim Gil, who both produced and directed *Three Days in Sejera*

## The young David

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

with great distinction, may retort with some heat and considerable justice that all battles, ambushes, weapons and shooting affrays in 1907 were very crude and amateurish, and that it would have been anachronistic to stage shoot-outs like those in a thriller such as *Targit*. He would have had a point, but it was hard to get all worked up about the shooting incidents.

ANOTHER deterrent was the constant reappearance of Horowitz to make comments. I have commended the opening sequence, but after that, he should have kept his trap shut until the end of the film. His views on the young Ben-Gurion, though extremely interesting in themselves, were very irritating, because they disturbed our complete absorption in the plot and our identification with the characters. This was an historical drama, not a documentary like *Pillar of Fire*. Horowitz's intervention snapped the tension, and made me mutter impatiently, "Get on with the show!"

His views would have rounded off the film very prettily. He maintained that Ben-Gurion was not a complete man in the Labour movement. Berl was nearly complete, but not Ben-Gurion. It was only by chance that he became a leader of Labour and not of the capitalists. "If you consider Ben-Gurion's

end," mused Horowitz, "you can see that he wasn't a true socialist."

Generally, the film gave us many intriguing aspects of Ben-Gurion's character and history on which to ponder. According to what he himself wrote in retrospect, he remembered his stay in Sejera as one of the happiest periods in his life. He was 23, already a labour leader, and had worked and lived in Petah Tikva and Kfar Sava for some time.

At Sejera, he wrote 10 years later, "I found the environment that I had sought so long. No shopkeepers or speculators, no non-Jewish hirelings or idlers living on the labour of others. The men ploughed and harrowed their fields and planted the seed; the women weeded the gardens and milked the cows; the children here herded geese... The work too was more satisfying... You felt yourself a partner in the act of creating."

THE FILM gave us a different picture of Sejera. First of all, we saw mighty little work being done by David Green, or by anyone else for that matter, although we did see a child herding geese. Green did try his hand at some very inept cooking, and we did see him doing some construction work on top of a roof. Of course, it was Pessah, and there may have been a Sabbath and a "bridge day" as well, so the heroes

and heroines of *Kibush Ha'avoda* were entitled, just as we are nowadays, to a prolonged holiday. In the film, most of the time, they danced, they sang, they ate, they drank, and they talked and talked and talked.

THE NATURE OF this talk made me doubt Ben-Gurion's nostalgic recollection that he had been so happy in Sejera. The incident of Pachter shooting the Arab coincided with the holding of a meeting of *Podei Zion* in Sejera. David Green, Israel Shohat and Izhak Ben-Zvi were the three outstanding leaders of the Labour movement. The great ideological debate was about the character and leadership of *Hashomer*, which they were in the process of creating.

Ben-Gurion lost the argument with Shohat and was ousted from the high command. In a conversation with Ben-Zvi, Shohat justified his hostile attitude to Green by saying, "We need soldiers, not generals. Green can only be a general." It is amazing that this rare defeat in the Labour movement, prior to the '50s, should not have soured B-G's memory of Sejera.

SHOHAT'S point about the need for discipline was reinforced by a sub-plot, in which a young man insists on his right to go to Rehovot to see his girl, although Shohat orders him to remain at Sejera until the end of the crisis. In the end, Shohat (throws the young man out of *Hashomer*, and tells him to go to Rehovot and stay there. He commits suicide.

The basic argument between Shohat and Ben-Gurion, according to the film, was whether they should

take action against the Arabs to recover the camera, or should try to avoid a blood feud. B-G wanted strong action, Shohat was more careful.

"You don't understand the mentality of the Arabs," he contended. "I understand the mentality of the Jews." B-G retorted.

This kind of argument as to who comprehends whose psychology is still going on.

Another comment of relevance to our modern situation was about the folly of letting a man like Pachter carry a pistol. "He should never have been trusted with a weapon," commented Munya Shohat. She could have been speaking about many a West Bank settler.

Ben-Gurion's rose-coloured glasses of nostalgia made him remember Sejera as a handful of Jews of diverse origins — Kurds, Yemenites, Russians, native-born Ashkenazim and Sephardim — all happily united by common belief in the apade and the plough. The film showed Jews quarrelling away as merrily as they do today. I suspect that this was what really happened.

Haim Gil is to be commended on a very stimulating production.

RAOUL YEHIEL'S Ofra Haza programme, described as an entertainment, really was entertaining, a feat which not all such programmes achieve. Staged with both imagination and subtlety, it was lovely. The backgrounds and dancing were never so obtrusive that they interfered with our concentration on the star. The moves from air force base to kibbutz to Jaffa nightclub to Yemenite fiesta were all tasteful and sufficiently varied to keep our attention for the full 40 minutes.



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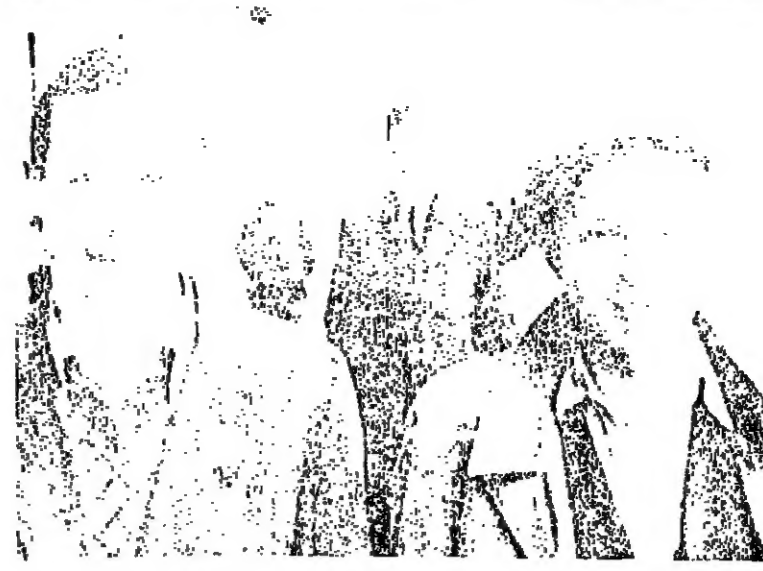
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(Above, left to right) Kazik with his comrades Antek Zuckerman and Stefan Szwarski, Warsaw, 1943. (Below) Kazik Rotem today: Antek.



a time, or stand like kine on all fours, on hands and knees, over the putrid river. What time, Rapoport? Can't you make that watch go faster?"

Kazik couldn't make that watch go faster. He was at the corner of Prosta and Towara streets at 5 a.m. on May 10, watching the closed culvert top.

I know the place well. For many years I went to the huge school just opposite. Little did I imagine then the drama that would be enacted on the spot our feet passed over so often.

Kazik and his few friends waited impatiently. Time was slowly ticking away, and there was still no truck in sight. As the hours went by the situation became impossible and outright dangerous. A German-Ukrainian checkpoint was only some 100 metres away.

But, Kazik decided, it was now or never. Sometimes an action succeeds precisely because it is so daring as to appear impossible. He had to try and save those unfortunates suffering down below.

Hersey mentions that at one time Kazik and his comrades lowered some soup to the survivors. Kazik fails to mention this; perhaps he has simply forgotten. But to those down below, it was an all-important sign that they were not forgotten.

Kazik worried because he had no cover. A few fighters located in the side streets could make all the difference if a German patrol passed close by.

Two Polish writers, Wladyslaw and Stanislaw Legec, in their book *The Righteous Among Nations*, claim that five Armia Ludowa (People's Guard) fighters armed with pistols and grenades supported the operation. The Polish leftist Armia Ludowa claims that it entrusted Colonel Sek-Mulecki with organizing the operation, assigning Wladek Galk, known under the pseudonym of Krzaczek, to help.

Kazik denies this, saying he had no armed support whatsoever. But he pays tribute to Krzaczek, who sat next to the driver when the truck finally arrived. The time was 10 a.m.

IT TOOK KAZIK a few seconds to open the culvert top. Then the survivors started climbing out, one by one. Emaciated, they looked like ghosts. For some of them, the 17 rungs which had to be negotiated up to the top were a problem; they had been in the sewers for between 24 and 30 hours. The manhole edge was another problem, with the blinding light above.

"How clean the air was," one survivor remembers. Another, Mascha Putermilch, said in the TV documentary *Pillar of Fire*: "After those many hours which lasted 100 years, everyone pleaded for death and someone suggested suicide... I was completely exhausted. Perhaps they were only hours, but to me it was eternity."

"And then they opened the cover and we started to go up. When light and sun entered the sewer and when I lifted my head and saw the blue sky I regained the will to live and said, 'We will go on!'"

It took a long time to get the survivors out and onto the floor of the truck. And every minute counted. Kazik recognized Israel Kanal, commander of the ghetto's central section, Zivia Lubetkin and Marek Edelman, second in command of the uprising.

Kanal, an experienced fighter, asked Kazik whether he had had any military cover for the operation. "They are my cover," answered Kazik, pointing to the steadily growing number of Polish passers-by who had stopped to watch the spectacle.

The tension mounted rapidly. Such an operation simply could not pass unnoticed. "Hurry, hurry," urged Krzaczek, while the crowd sneered.

"The cats are fleeing the ghetto," one Pole shouted. (Cats or kots was the popular Polish term for Jews hiding among Aryans.)

A Polish police officer crossing the street stopped and showed con-

siderable interest in what was going on. Kazik quickly went up to him and, explaining that this was a Polish underground operation, courteously asked him to move on.

The officer disappeared, but the crowd grew larger and the situation became extremely dangerous. Almost half an hour of unbearable tension passed until the last dark figure emerged blinking from the hole.

It was up to Kazik to check whether all were aboard. He took a good look down the culvert into the forbidding darkness and shouted to ask whether anybody was still there. When there was no answer, he jumped onto the truck and gave the order to move.

AND THEN the unexpected happened. Only in Hollywood, perhaps, do such missions impossible go off without a hitch.

No sooner had the truck moved off, than Zivia Lubetkin cried, "Stop!" Szlamek and Adolf, she explained in great agitation, had gone to check the side sewers when the culvert top was lifted. She had promised them that the truck would wait for their return.

Kazik refused to stop. The danger was too great and, as the one in charge, he couldn't risk the lives of all for the sake of a few. Anyhow, he explained, they were overloaded already. There was no more space.

Only one of the two trucks ordered had showed up. There was nothing he could do now but try to get through safely. Any further delay could mean tragedy.

It was midday as the truck sped through the crowded Warsaw streets. Kazik anxiously watched the traffic. They still had to cross the river and had almost run into a German patrol at the entrance to one of the bridges. Had the driver not succeeded in turning around at the last minute, everything would have been lost.

Finally they crossed the Vistula by another bridge and reached their destination within an hour. They weren't stopped even once; it was a miracle. Antek could hardly believe the story when Kazik gave him an account of the rescue late that afternoon.

But both Kazik and Zivia were upset. It was true that Kazik had warned the group to keep together come what may, but this didn't make the loss of Szlamek and Adolf any easier.

Fate had bound Zivia, Antek, Kazik and Marek Edelman together and they remained close friends. But Krzaczek later reneged and robbed and murdered some Jewish partisans. Sentenced to death by Armia Ludowa, he disappeared and was never heard of again.

THE PROSTA STREET operation was only one of countless efforts to save Jewish lives. For months afterwards Kazik continued his rescue activities, taking heavy risks to penetrate where no one else dared. He delivered arms and ammunition to partisans and ghettos; he found shelter for Jews hiding among gentiles.

Before the war ended, Kazik was to have countless narrow escapes and lose many friends. He came to Israel in 1946, on the last "illegal" immigrant ship.

A single mistake meant torture and death. He had many successes and some failures, and he describes them all in his book. After carrying his painful burden of memories for so long, the time has come, Kazik says, to record and preserve for generations to come, what would otherwise be forgotten.

## It's party time!



The Pessah holiday over, Jews around the world indulged in the annual ritual post-Pessah bread binges, while in Israel this was followed by yet another celebration — the Mimouna. Mimouna is a holiday for Jews of North African origin, and has come to be observed as a festive expression of Israeli unity.

For that reason, perhaps, the organizers of Mimouna requested that politicians attending the central celebrations in Tel Aviv refrain from electioneering. No speeches. No campaigning. But with plenty of food, poetry and song, and a day in the park, nobody really missed the politics at all. The Mimouna's hospitality sparkled with its "open door" programme, in which Israelis regardless of origin visited homes of fellow Israelis who come from North Africa, to join in the feast and share the traditions.

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הכזמן האחרון



# AGAINST THE CURRENT

Swimming coach actor Oren (Warren) Feigin talks about the frustrations of his double career with The Post. DANIEL GAVRON



WHEN THE ISRAELI emissary called for volunteers one evening in Los Angeles in May 1967, aspiring Hollywood film actor Warren Feigin only put his hand up in order to impress the girl he was with.

"I hadn't the slightest intention of coming to Israel," he confesses with a smile.

It was during the tense "period of waiting" before the Six Day War. The emissary had come to Los Angeles with minimal publicity; but his meeting attracted thousands. The organizers had to put loudspeakers in the courtyard outside the Jewish Community Centre.

His message was simple. Israel, he explained, was mobilized for war. The men were all on the borders. Volunteers were needed to work in the fields, pick the crops and generally keep things going.

Having put up his hand, Feigin thought he might at least take the trouble of going to the room where they were screening volunteers. Asked what he could do, he replied: "I've only got one leg, but I can work as well as anybody else."

The man told him to come. He was stunned and walked the streets of Los Angeles in a daze.

"That was the first thing that impressed me about Israel," he told me. "You were judged on the basis of your work and your desire to make a contribution."

Three months later, he was working in the orchards of Kibbutz Givat Haim (Hud) and learning Hebrew in the afternoons. Of those early days he says:

"Everyone used to ask you if you liked it here, if you intended to remain. They would tell you that it was your country, the only place for a Jew to live."

WHEN FEIGIN was eight years old, he lost his right leg in an accident, but he never behaved as a handicapped or disabled person. He went to camp, played basketball and tennis and, above all, swam. Swimming was his way of showing that he was "as good as anybody else."

He swam for New York University, where he studied theatre arts, won medals and competed in the four-mile event.

His frenetic activity caused him to break his artificial limb frequently.

ly — he still does. "It cost a fortune to keep me in legs," he recalls, "but my mother never complained: she didn't want to slow me down."

After college, he started acting in New York, theatre and television; but like many ambitious young men in the 1950s, he was attracted to Hollywood. "I used to work now and then," he laughs, "more than now."

When he volunteered to come to Israel, he was negotiating for his first big break, a part in a movie as Anthony Quinn's side-kick. He told the producer that he would be back in three months, "after my adventure in Israel."

IN THE KIBBUTZ pool, he found himself swimming alongside a talented young swimmer. He offered him a few tips and wound up helping him to train. It was Gershon Shefa, due to compete in his third Olympics in Mexico the following year.

After some eight months at Givat Haim, Feigin came to Jerusalem, where he began teaching disabled children at Ilan to swim. He taught and coached at Beit Hanoar Ha'Ivri, where he developed a young swimming team, which eventually became Hapoel Jerusalem.

He also met his wife to be, Penny (Yael), the sister of a fellow volunteer of 1967. Yael returned to the U.S. to study nursing and in due course he joined her in New York, resuming his acting career. In the 1950s he had appeared in such television shows as *Playhouse-90*, *The Untouchables*, and *Gunslinger*.

Now he worked in the live theatre and also acted in the television "soap" series, *Sommerset*. He considered returning to Hollywood; but in 1975 he and his wife decided to come back to Jerusalem.

HE FOUND A very different atmosphere in the country. Whereas in 1967 people had urged him to stay in Israel, he now discovered that he was regarded as "crazy" for coming to live here. Many were leaving, many more told him that they wanted to leave. They asked him if he had failed in the U.S.

"You know," he declares, "if I had my way, I would open a bureau for all those who wanted to leave

and help them to go. Then maybe those of us who want to be here could get on with the job of making something of this country."

As to his own feelings, he suggests that, "a certain something creeps into your blood. You want to do something special. The state stands for something special. We are connected, related to each other in a certain way. We have to do something that is special for ourselves and the rest of the world."

Feigin worked as a swimming coach for the Jerusalem Municipality, teaching and training in all the town's pools. His work has given him profound satisfaction; but he has also found some aspects of it frustrating. The system is supposed to serve the children, he notes, but it is all too often used by people as a ladder for their own careers. His outspokenness had led to friction and more than once he has faced the threat of dismissal.

About 18 months ago, after a six-year struggle, Feigin founded a second swimming team in the capital, Maccabi Jerusalem; but here again he found himself in trouble.

"I wanted to run the team with principles," he told me, "but I was told that principles are fine in principle — not in practice."

He felt compelled to resign, and today he is not doing any coaching. He says he still gets phone calls from parents who ask him to return to the job.

"Moreover there are people whom I taught to swim in 1968, who still come to my house," he says with pride. "It is largely this warm relationship with my pupils which has kept me in Israel through some very tough years."

HE SPEAKS forthrightly about the problems of settling in Israel. At the outset, he was horrified at some of the attitudes he found.

He was infuriated when his favourite kiosk did not have the type of cold drink he wanted. The owner would shrug and say it hadn't been delivered that day. "He would tell me to drink something else!" he says indignantly. "In America the man would have been 'out of business.'" On another occasion, the man had put up a notice: "Gone to the beach." He couldn't believe it;

but later he thought to himself, "Why not?"

He has come to the conclusion that this is "an insane country." At a certain level he is resigned to this; but he is still frustrated by the lack of striving for excellence.

He recalls Gershon Shefa saying to him back in 1968 that he could not hope to compete against "two hundred million Americans and three hundred million Russians."

"I told him, 'Gershon, when you are on that block you are an individual, competing with other individuals.'"

He laughs at the Israeli habit of describing the ninth place in an international competition as "honourable." In America, he observes, no one knows about you if you come second.

HE RETURNED to acting in 1978, at the urging of his wife, who heard about a proposed English-language theatre production. Most wives, in his experience, are only too pleased when their husbands leave the nomadic world of acting and settle down to a steady job; but Yael has always supported his theatrical aspirations. One of her reasons for choosing nursing as a career was that she would be able to find work anywhere.

His first part was in the Jerusalem Tzavta English-language production of *Audience*, a two-character play by the liberal Czech writer Vaclav Havel, who was imprisoned for his part in Charter-77, during the "Prague spring."

His portrayal as the beer-swilling, overbearing factory manager won him good reviews, including from the late Mendel Kohansky in *The Jerusalem Post*.

He has since had parts in local and international movies, such as *Offra*, *The Bride and Remembrance of Love*, with Kirk Douglas.

We met at the Khan, where he was rehearsing for his first Hebrew part. The play, *Jubilee*, by Hungarian-American playwright George Tabori, deals with the 50th anniversary of Hitler's rise to power. It has only been performed in Germany so far.

Feigin, a thick-set man, with white fringes of hair and a goatee, arrived on his motorbike. Two

months ago, he told me, he overturned his car, cracking a rib and requiring 10 stitches for a head wound. The following day he was due to play bridge in the Israeli regional championship. He filled himself with tranquilizers and painkillers and turned up for the game. He and his partner won through to the quarter-finals.

I ASKED HIM why he thought so many of the 1967 crop of volunteers from abroad had later left the country. He considered the question carefully. A lot of them, he thought, had not intended to stay. Some had only been running away from their problems and were not positively motivated.

Language had been a barrier, although he himself had plunged into it. He was now acting in Hebrew and his accent was considered virtually unidentifiable.

North Americans always felt a pull back to their countries of origin, he said, admitting freely that he is not immune. The infamous Israeli bureaucracy, the "Yihye tov" and "Ala na la'sot" attitudes — "It's going to be all right" and "There's nothing to be done about it" — had turned off many would-be olim. Those who had managed to become part of something, like himself with his swimming teaching, had remained.

He is not a political person; but he is very critical of all the political parties. He sees the leaders as selfish men, intent on achieving power for its own sake. Once he thought of joining a party, but there was none that appealed to him.

"One of the things I try to teach people to let go, to relax. On land there is too much possessiveness — everyone grabbing and holding their own little territory. In swimming — and in acting — there is the release, the becoming one with your environment."

If there were a clear statement of principles from someone as to what this country is all about, it would be better.

"If we stop saying, *Yihye tov* and instead say, *na'aseh tov*, let's do it right, let each one of us do it — then we could attract people to live here."

MIKE TODD was killed in 1958, at the height of his success. He was far too young to die; what's more, he was getting younger all the time, or so a comparison of his birth certificates would seem to suggest. But Todd did everything young. The bare facts of his life are scarcely credible, the details behind them do not lessen the feeling of awe for what he achieved. The full story can be found in *A Valuable Property: The Life Story of Michael Todd* (Arbor House, \$16.95) by Michael Todd, Jr., and Susan McCarthy Todd.

When he was nine, Todd had a tonsillectomy. The very next day, he was back in school, charging the other children two cents apiece to look at his throat. At twice that age, he was, on paper at least, worth over a million dollars. In the course of his career, he lost comparable sums more than once, but Todd was never down for long. His greatest advantage, apart from his tremendous drive and energy (an off-beat command from him was to "hurry up and relax"), appears to have been his grasp of the importance of advertising. Ballyhoo was a way of life with him. He always tried to give the customers the best, but if what he offered was plainly not the best, as in the case of a film called *Guadalupe Serenade*, he still brought a business by declaring it the worst film ever made. In the early Forties, a Gallup Poll of the most renowned motion picture producers had Todd in third place, after Goldwyn and De Mille. Hardly surprising, perhaps, except for the fact that he'd not yet produced a single film. His fame at that time came from productions like *The Hot Mikado* and the other successful musicals he produced on Broadway involving names like Ethel Merman, Cole Porter and Bobby Clark. One show that never saw the light of day was an all-black Verdi opera, set in the Civil War period, to be called *My Darlin' Alida*.

Todd, originally Abe Goldbogen, was fond of reminding people of his Jewishness. In the late Thirties he became a member of a Nazi-oriented, anti-Semitic group headed by Gerald L.K. Smith, a former lieutenant of Huey Long. After Todd booked the Masonic Hall of Chicago's Oriental Theatre for a meeting of this group, he was beaten up in an alley by Jewish activists. The meeting took place as planned and, after his address, Smith was detained by the FBI, whose presence had also been arranged by Todd. During his months of membership, Todd had been feeding information to Walter Winchell, who proceeded to give the public a series of exposés of the organization. Todd obviously knew where his allegiance lay, but he kept an admirable sense of proportion. When the stage manager of Todd's Theatre Café demanded the dismissal of a couple of midgets, who masqueraded as penguins in the stage show, on the grounds that they were "fascist bastards," Todd refused, saying "They're such tiny Nazis. How much trouble can they make?"

WHEN TODD is remembered today, it is generally either for *Around the World in 80 Days* or for being Elizabeth Taylor's third husband. Her fourth husband, Eddie Fisher, has now published *Eddie's My Life, My Loves* (Star, \$3.95). Mike Todd, Jr., in the book reviewed above, says "I liked Eddie, although I didn't think he had a lot upstairs." Despite the ghosting (by a ghost called, of all things, *Burton Beals*), this is the impression that comes through in Fisher's book. He seems to suffer quite chronically from something that Todd could never have been



The eccentric "Mr. Ryder" in the TV adaptation of "Bridgeshead Revisited" received universal acclaim. "John Gielgud: A Celebration" by Gyles Brandreth (Pavilion) / Michael Joseph, £12.95) presents a vivid portrait in words and pictures of the remarkable actor and director, who has just turned 80. Sir John made his first appearance (as Orlando) in 1920 and, unfortunately, tripped and fell on his face. From that inauspicious beginning he went on to enjoy one of the longest and most distinguished careers in the history of the theatre. The book is profusely illustrated with previously unpublished photographs, playbills and caricatures. A companion volume in the same series, "Alec Guinness: A Celebration" by John Russell Taylor describes the "man of a thousand faces" who became a star despite being the archetypal Mr. Nobody.

## Hurry up and relax

Hillel Tryster

accused of — weakness of character. His entire career, from childhood poverty to adult drug-addiction, has been marked by a singular lack of control. He himself refers to manager Milton Blackstone, and to Dr. Max Jacobson, who was responsible for his initial dependence on drugs, as "My two Svengalis." Nor was his private life his own domain. He was maneuvered by Debbie Reynolds into a marriage neither really wanted.

But all of Fisher's scandals have been aired so often and so thoroughly that he loses the ability to shock, which could otherwise have been this book's one selling point.

IF MEMORY serves, when Frances Farmer's autobiography *Will There Really Be a Morning?* (Fontana/Collins, £3.25), first came out about a decade ago, it was attacked in some quarters as a substantially fictional concoction by Jean Ratcliffe, her companion towards the end of her life. By that time, though, Miss Farmer was no longer available for comment. However accurate the book is, there can be no doubt that she experienced more than her fair share of suffering.

Anyone who found the film *Frances* stomach-turning would be ill-advised to read the book. Gruesome as *Frances* is, the celluloid version pales beside the descriptions on the printed page.

The chapters taking place in the various mental hospitals where she spent nearly 11 years of her life are mercifully alternated with those telling of her past: her childhood, her trip to Russia, her early acting experiences. The book does not brighten up after she is finally released, either, and it ends with her reflections on her terminal illness. By no means a pleasure to read.

ANOTHER BLONDE, whose career was far too brief was Judy Holiday, about whom Gary Carey has written *Judy Holiday: An Intimate Life Story*, (Robson Books, £7.95). At her best, she was exuberantly funny and sentimental; she was never less than lovable. Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday* is a role forever associated with her, and who could forget her "going back to the Bon-Jour Tristesse Brassiere Company in *Bells Are Ringing*?"

Her life was short and not always easy. After reluctantly getting her start as a performer (she wanted to write and direct) with a group called the Revuers, who included Betty Comden and Adolph Green, she graduated to very small parts in movies, a supporting role in a short-lived Broadway comedy, and stardom with *Born Yesterday*. Her weight was a problem and would have cost her the chance to play Billie Dawn on screen, were it not for behind-the-scenes manipulations by Garson Kanin. Remarks like "Judy's bustin' out all over!" from Kanin helped her to diet and *Born Yesterday* won her an Oscar. When she was called to testify before HUAC (her interrogator was Richard Arens), she played Billie Dawn again and emerged relatively unscathed. This tactic didn't help when it came to cancer. After her mastectomy in 1960, she appeared in only one more show before her death in 1965, leaving less than a dozen films and a growing legend behind her.

JAMES SPADA'S *Streisand: The Woman And The Legend* (Pocket, \$6.50) is a heavily illustrated, highly comprehensive biography of a woman who cannot be ignored, no matter what one thinks of her. Still, this is above all a book for her fans. Personally, I found her eminently tolerable till the end of the Sixties.

but, *Funny Girl* aside, I feel that nothing she has done since lives up to the enormous promise she showed as Miss Marmelstein in *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*.

The book closes with a question mark over the future. The success of *You!* could mean more power to Barbra, but the achievement of such an old ambition is in itself an act that's very hard to top. I second their question mark.

A MUCH more weighty tome, or two, to be exact, is *Cinema, the Magic Vehicle: A Guide to Its Achievement* (Schocken, \$12.50 each volume) by Adam Garbacz and Jacek Klinowski. Though quite intimidating to look at, these two volumes are simply notes on over 750 feature films, incorporating credits and a synopsis, along with criticism and background information. The chronological range is from 1913 to 1959, with Volume Two beginning in 1950. The chief consideration for inclusion is an aesthetic one, and purely technical milestones like *The Jazz Singer* and *Becky Sharp* are out.

The authors have tried to include films of artistic merit from all countries, particularly those that they feel have been neglected till now. The notes for each film have been specifically written to function in a dual capacity: as comment for individual films and as part of a continuing discussion of a specific genre or director into which they fit. Thus some films of lesser stature have crept in merely in order to give a more complete view of the work of a director, such as Pabst's *Don Quixote*. Almost every year from the mid-Twenties onwards has both a John Ford film and a Hitchcock film on offer; both of them deserve examination in greater depth.

The whole is intended as a means of assessing the artistic progress made in the cinema. The preface makes it clear that the importance of correct and complete screen credits has been appreciated and claims that "this book provides the most correct list of film credits anywhere to be found." Were it not for this claim I might not have felt the need to mention two omissions that pained me. Elsa Lanchester as Anne of Cleves and John Alexander as "Teddy Roosevelt" Brewster are both conspicuous by their absence from the cast lists of, respectively, *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

The cinema discussed by the authors of this book is under no circumstances a strictly Hollywood affair. American and British films occupy less than half of the two volumes, and quite a number of them were directed by Europeans. Eastern Europe is allotted a great deal of space and it surprised me to see how well Japan is represented, even in the early Twenties.

While I feel safe in generally recommending this work, the reader should beware of the synopses for *Modern Times*, *It Happened Tomorrow*, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *Les Vacances de M. Hulot*. There are also a few exceptions to the uniformity, which provide me with some nits to pick, like: Chaplin did have a cane in *Kid Auto Races at Venice*, and Bogart played Duke Mantee, not Dillinger (whoever the part may have been based on), in *The Petrified Forest*. The worst of these, and the last I intend to mention, comes during the discussion of Ford's *The Lost Patrol* (1934). "Boris Karloff, later of Frankenstein fame, who plays here a religious fanatic, behaves as if he were Frankenstein's monster already." The fact is that *Frankenstein* had already been made three

years earlier, and preparations for the sequel were under way in 1934, so the sinister light in which Ford cast Karloff was no accident.

The feeling with which one comes away after reading these two volumes (others are planned) is that film history is simply riddled with flawed masterpieces. This is a trifle too good to be true.

EDITED BY Peter C. Rollins, *Hollywood As Historian: American Film in a Cultural Context* (University Press of Kentucky, no price stated) is a series of essays about 16 films and their relationship to American society; the way they either interpret the reality around them, or may try to influence their environment. To use a generalization a little too broad for the range to be found here, these are "message" pictures.

They range from *The Birth of a Nation* across three Chaplin features, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Wilson* and *On the Waterfront* to *Apocalypse Now*. All the essays have been minutely researched and are heavily footnoted.

The kind of impact made by the films were very different. *The Snake Pit*, made at a time when Frances Farmer was languishing in a pit much worse than any the screen can portray, brought about badly needed reforms in mental institutions. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* rocked the bastions of decency all over the United States. By now there can't be much left that hasn't been done on screen. I shan't go into the endless detail a book like this invites. However, the essay on *Dr. Strangelove* includes an explanation of how that film became a comedy that is well worth mentioning here. It was originally conceived as a serious film but, while working on the script, trying to imagine how things might happen in the situation he had conceived (a deranged American Air Force general sends his planes to bomb Russia, unaware that this will trigger a Soviet Doomsday device), Stanley Kubrick found himself having to discard many ideas because they had crossed the border into comedy. After a while, he says, "I began to realize that all the things I was throwing out were the things which were most truthful."

FOR DESSERT, a book I found very amusing though I haven't yet worked out to what extent this was intentional. Rita Grade Freeman's *My Fabulous Brothers: The Story of the Grade Family* (Star, £1.25) reads as though it were a transcript of a telephone conversation that began with the words "Now, Rita, I'd like you to tell me all about your family..."

It isn't only about her family. I have nothing against celebrities, as long as they don't make a mess of the carpet, but Rita Grade Freeman indulges in such an orgy of name-dropping that only her entire unpretentiousness saves it from being an embarrassment. As it is, her stories are so guilelessly told, there is nothing one can do but enjoy them. Very much a Jewish girl, Rita was the only one of the Winogradsky children not to marry out, and better still, the husband was a doctor. Quite incidentally, the book also serves as an adequate, if slim, biography of the Grade brothers, Lew and Leslie and Bernard Delfont (this, like the name "Grade," originated as a stage name).

Among the illustrations, I was unable to find the one I was hoping to see, of the three in swaddling clothes, clenching fingers between their teeth. I shall give Rita the last word by her brothers. "I'm sure there must be some people who hate their guts. But I don't know any."



IF THE 1970s could be described as the decade of the Self — self determination, self-improvement, self-fulfillment, and self-indulgence — in the 1980s we seem preoccupied with survival. Our concerns now are more prosaic: we worry more about how we're going to pay our bills, and less about the Meaning of Life.

Ellen Goodman's twice-weekly column, written for *The Boston Globe* and syndicated by *The Washington Post*, appears in over 170 newspapers across the U.S. *At Large* is a collection of these columns, written in the two years around the turn of the decade. (Two previous collections of her columns have been published: *Close to Home* and *Turning Points*.) She chronicles much of the change — change in values and preoccupations and lifestyles — as the 1970s hardened into the 1980s.

Her canvas is large, and she deals masterfully both with world issues and with private problems that concern us all. Indeed, one of her strengths is her refusal to separate private from public; her worlds overlap, and feed each other.

*At Large* covers a wide range of disparate subjects, from the fortress mentality of urban survival to diet freaks, from gripes about the over-automation of our lives to the pain of broken lives suffered by people who thought they had "married forever." She treats the confusion of us all in an age of accelerated change, broken traditions and nostalgia for the "simplicity" of yesterday. There are columns on the over-educated and the under-employed, on affirmative action programmes and passive smoking, on teenage sexuality and parental rights to institutionalize "wayward" children.

Goodman takes a healthy swipe at the insane way in which psychiatry often controls lives in America. Instead of solving problems, we are "learning to live with stress." Three Mile Island was a nuclear accident, not a neurotic problem, and psychiatric treatment for the residents is no substitute for dealing with the real problem, Goodman asserts. Again, though, of course mental problems are very real, there are many others that are social, and many for which "the best treatment is rubbing dollar bills all over your body."

IN MORE serious vein, Goodman writes about some of the most controversial ethical issues facing us today. She discusses who has the right to live, or to die, and who should have the right to decide. Should a terminally ill person, aged and kept alive "on a machine," not have the right to die in dignity? But who decides? The family? The doctors? Or the patient, who may at rare moments emerge from a senile state to express a strong will to go on living? And what of the baby born hopelessly handicapped, whom the parents would prefer to die quietly — should the state have the right to intervene, and keep it alive at all costs?

And of course there is a section devoted to women — women in transition, women and men. In the late Sixties, the Women's Movement was telling women that they could "have it all" — home, children, career, power. But now, it seems, what most women have got is simply the double burden of a new role in addition to the old. While women were busy proving that they could do it all, and creating the myth of Superwoman, men, somehow, were left out of the new equation. It is time, says Goodman, for women and men really to share the burdens



"Speaking likenesses" of 50 men and women appear in "Let Me Hear Your Voice: Portraits of Aging Immigrant Jews" by Mimi Handlin and Marilyn Smith Layton (University of Washington Press, \$19.95). The expressive photographs by Rochelle Cassard are accompanied by interviews in which these survivors describe their past and the present. A.B.

## Women in transition

**AT LARGE** by Ellen Goodman. New York, Ballantine. 319 pp. \$3.50.

**DIVORCE IN JEWISH LAW AND LIFE** by Irwin H. Haut. New York, Sepher-Hermon Press. 146 pp. No price stated.

**WOMAN'S ORGASM** by Georgia Kline-Graber and Benjamin Graber. New York, Warner. 240 pp. \$3.50.

Nomi Sharron

and responsibilities of living; it's time to say No to the myth of Superwoman. It's not that she can't do it all, but why should she have to?

In the section on Public Lives, Goodman talks about famous people who have become disparate symbols of a turbulent age: Mother Teresa, Jerry Rubin, "the Yippee with \$20,000 in the stock market," Anita Bryant, who made a public crusade of defending conservative moral values and got caught up in the change, John Lennon, whose murder was the death of an era, the death of promises.

She writes about the transition into a new decade — the Eighties for all of us, the 40s for Goodman. At 40 she goes herself "between generations," and stuck with seeing both sides of an issue. If she carries any placard today, it says "Wait a minute, it's not as simple as that." A 1980 Pulitzer Prize-winner for distinguished commentary, Goodman is an immensely sane and moderate voice calling out in an increasingly irrational and anarchic world. She may not change lives, but she certainly gives pause for serious reflection.

"DIVORCE," SAID Voltaire, "is an institution only a few weeks later in origin than marriage." It was instituted not to weaken the mar-

riage bond but rather, by providing the possibility of termination, to strengthen it.

In earliest times, marriage existed for the protection of the young, and divorce for the protection of marriage. In ancient Greece and Rome, divorce was a domestic issue, obtainable by mutual consent when the marriage proved no longer satisfactory. The laws were eminently reasonable, more or less equitable, and no public scandal attached to divorce.

But Mosaic, and later Christian, law changed all that. Marriage became a religious ritual, rather than a civil contract, binding in the eyes of God and man. This, together with the concept of *kinyan* (the wife being the acquisition of her husband) made divorce difficult and arduous at best, if not outright impossible.

Irwin H. Haut, who is an ordained Orthodox rabbi as well as an attorney practising in New York, has written a lucid account of the laws pertaining to Jewish divorce, and their effects on the lives of those they touch.

Jewish divorce laws are weighted heavily in the husband's favour. In the Tora, the husband's right to divorce his wife is absolute, barring two minor exceptions. The Talmud gives the diverse views of several rabbis, but the one that became generally accepted was that of the School of Hillel, which stated that there must be some reason for divorce, however slight. (A wife's burning of her husband's food, for example, was sufficient grounds for divorce if the husband wished it).

BUT THE WIFE has few rights. She cannot force a recalcitrant husband to divorce her, and she may be divorced against her will, except in rare circumstances. The Talmud states: "A wife is divorced either willingly or unwillingly, but a husband divorces only from his free will." However, certain conditions

are stated in which a wife may sue for divorce (although the husband cannot be forced to agree): if the husband is impotent or sterile; if he refuses to provide her with necessities or refuses to engage in sexual relations (it is interesting to note, *inter alia*, that it is incumbent upon the Jewish husband to engage in sexual relations with his wife, but the Jewish wife is not so obligated towards her husband); if he subjects her to verbal or physical abuse; and if he is engaged in some malodorous occupation, such as gathering dog's dung!

If a wife sued for divorce in any of these, and some other, circumstances, the rabbis tried to "prevail upon" the husband to give a *get*, but he could not be forced. And during Talmudic times, divorce altogether was discouraged, by making the formal requirements of the *get* cumbersome, and the procedure long and complicated. (Haut gives us a whole chapter on the intricacies of *Seder Haget*.)

The Jewish wife suffers a further inequity if her husband disappears and there is no proof of his death. She becomes an *aguna* (anchored woman) and is unable to remarry. There are also restrictions on whom a woman may marry after she had obtained a *get*: she may not marry a *cohen*, she may not marry a man with whom she is suspected of having committed adultery (the man, presumably, she would most want to marry); and she may not remarry within 90 days of her divorce, so as not to cast doubt on the paternity of a child she may immediately bear.

After divorce, the mother was generally granted custody of daughters, and of sons till the age of six, when they were given to the father. Fathers were obligated to pay child support for all children in the mother's custody.

Since the end of the Talmudic era, circa 500 CE, there have been several attempts to improve the lot of women with regard to Jewish divorce laws. A woman was able to petition the rabbis to grant her a divorce if the marriage had become insufferable to her, and the rabbis would try to prevail upon — and in some cases, force — the husband to comply. The eleventh century saw the enactment of a *takana* (rabbinic legislation) prohibiting the husband from divorcing his wife against her will unless she was a *moredet* (rebellious wife).

THE PLIGHT of women today in Israel is still far from satisfactory. The *Bet Din* governs all matters pertaining to marriage and divorce for the Jewish population, and in a society where there is no civil marriage — or divorce — the woman has no redress. There are cases of men paying heavy fines, or spending years in jail, rather than giving a *get* and they cannot be forced. A woman in such a situation, or an *aguna*, cannot remarry, and if she bears children they will be *mamzerim* (bastards) according to Jewish law.

Attempts are being made today to rectify this anomalous situation. The author has his own suggestion: that the *Bet Din* be empowered to annul a marriage where there are grounds for divorce, thus obviating the need for an obdurate husband to give a *get*. Another suggestion is that of Rabbi Perr, and approved by Rabbi Moshe Feinstein, a prominent authority on Jewish law, that a couple enter into a pre-nuptial agreement to abide by the decision of the *Bet Din* as regards the giving and receiving of a *get*. But the type of man who would refuse to give a *get* is not likely to enter into such an agreement.

Rabbi Haut has aimed to unravel many of the intricacies of Jewish law pertaining to divorce, and has succeeded in simplifying a complicated subject. His chapters on Jewish divorce in America should be particularly welcome reading to lawyers, rabbis and others caught between civil and religious law abroad.

WOMAN'S ORGASM is another handbook (if you'll forgive the pun) in a glutted market of books on sexuality. It is a do-it-yourself manual that promises women "total and consistent sexual fulfillment." It is written by a husband-and-wife team, he a doctor, she a nurse, and is based on their work with over 1,000 patients at their clinic in Wisconsin for the treatment of sexual dysfunction.

I am naturally sceptical of any book whose blurb makes such wild promises. Nevertheless, there is much excellent information here. The first part of the book deals with the physiological facts of the female orgasm. Their discussion is necessary, say the authors, even in this so-called enlightened age, when vast numbers of women are ignorant and misinformed about their own bodies and capacities for sexual pleasure.

The most important part of the book is the second, which debunks the myths surrounding female sexuality, which were created over the centuries by men. Until very recently, even serious research into female sexuality had been undertaken by men, with the result that we are given men's interpretation of what women want/feel/experience in sex, and not the direct experience and knowledge of women themselves. And of course women have been conditioned to accept men's views of their sex, to want what men have told them they should want. So that, for example, Freud's views on the "vaginal versus clitoral orgasm," his equating of clitoral orgasm with immaturity and neurosis, has done untold harm to millions of women. Once women can be freed from the shackles of men's domination of their sexual lives, and get in touch with their own real feelings, say the authors, they will be able to discover and really enjoy their own sexual capacities.

Another obstacle to be overcome along the road to true pleasure is the conditioning which influences every little girl's life. She is taught to be passive, to "please," not to be demanding or assertive. And that her sex is something to be guarded as a treasure, and "given" to the man who weds her. Sexual pleasure then becomes something that the man "gives her," not something to which she has any rights. Her dependency on a man thereby becomes total.

So far, so good. To the extent that this part of the book will help women to get truly in touch with their own sexual feelings, it is to be recommended.

The last part of the book is a step by step "how-to" — "an eleven-step programme for achieving self-stimulated orgasm," and then, "a ten-step programme for achieving orgasm with intercourse." The masturbation programme also includes use of a vibrator, and is intensely mechanical. ("If you reach orgasm with the vibrator before you have done steps 6, 7 and 8 with the vibrator ... do steps 6 and 8 before going on to step 10.")

When I got to "repeat this exercise for twenty minutes four or five times a week" (and there are eleven of them before you graduate to the intercourse programme) I gave up — reading, that is. Who has the time?

THIS ANTHOLOGY of 340 Yiddish folksongs is largely based on the rich collection compiled in Leningrad by Aharon Vinkovetsky, and brought to Israel when he settled here. American and Israeli scholars in Jewish folklore and music compared its versions with others available in older publications and manuscripts, and added songs recorded or transmitted orally.

They are presented in the Yiddish original, with musical notation and are Romanized also, and provided with translations or summaries in Hebrew and in English. It is expected that this anthology will be used in Jewish schools, libraries, synagogues, community centres and youth groups in the Diaspora as well as in Israel.

INCLUDED in the four volumes are love songs, lullabies, children's songs, family songs, songs heard at weddings and festivals, humorous and satirical songs, songs intoned by Hasidim, often with ecstatic syllabic refrains rather than complete words, songs of Jewish soldiers in the Czarist army — they are generally far from

MICHAEL CHECINSKI's book made me think about the brilliant Henryk Holland. Holland and I went to the same school in Warsaw. However, he was a year older, and much cleverer, than myself. There were rumours that he had been a communist, but I had heard that he had relinquished his revolutionary notions (this turned out not to be true) when the school's principal had warned him it might jeopardise his very promising scholarly career.

I would visit him at his home, a tiny, overcrowded flat at the top of a huge building in the heart of the Jewish commercial quarter. Once, after he had expounded for me an intricate modern Polish poem, he pulled me over to the window, and pointed to the city below. "Look at our wonderful Warsaw! It's a playground waiting for us." He would explain to my Hashomer Hatzair self that there was no point in looking for green pastures outside Poland, and in chasing phantoms. We Polish Jews should fight our battles nearer home, in our birthplace. Holland was one of the few Jewish students who, despite the numerous clausus, was admitted to Warsaw University's Faculty of Medicine. And he hung on to his communist beliefs. Then World War II broke out, and in October, 1939 we both found ourselves in Soviet-occupied Lwow (he regarded it as "liberated").

HE SAID I was a fool when I told him I intended to join a Hashomer Hatzair group which planned to cross the Hungarian border illegally in its attempt to reach Eretz Yisrael. "Your father," he coolly observed, "had a small printing plant, your mother was a teacher, they worked hard all their lives. You've nothing to be afraid of, you can help us all to build a better future." Now that the Soviet Union had moved westward, and saved Poland from the Nazis, he assured me, a new epoch had begun, for the Jews also. For Poles, Ukrainians and Jews.

I didn't accept his sensible advice and soon found myself in a hard labour camp at Pechora, and classified as an "Enemy of the Soviet People." Following a 1941 amnesty, I managed to join General Anders' army which ultimately brought me to Palestine. Holland joined the First Polish Army formed in the Soviet Union. He returned to Warsaw in 1945, completed his studies, and became a prominent public

figure, a writer, editor and journalist. In 1956, during the process of democratization under Gomulka, he was the first to discuss publicly the judicial murder of 19 Polish senior officers, and to demand punishment for those responsible.

IN DECEMBER, 1961 Holland was arrested by the Polish Security Services. He was subjected to a non-stop 40-hour interrogation, then taken back to his apartment. There he allegedly committed suicide by jumping out of the fifth-floor window.

He was subsequently accused of having worked for British and French intelligence. The charge was so patently absurd that nobody bothered to substantiate it. Nor were the circumstances of his "suicide" any more credible. He was supposed to have opened the window and jumped out there was a hard frost, and a temperature of 20 degrees below zero in Warsaw that day, in the presence of experienced secret policemen, who apparently did nothing to stop him. Obviously, he had been murdered. It was forbidden to publish his obituary, or even the date of his funeral.

In spite of the secrecy, all Warsaw knew a Jew had been eliminated, Holland's friends — a few Jewish and Gentile intellectuals gathered at his graveside, and sang the Internationale. Later, all the mourners, whose names and pictures had been taken by plainclothes men, were summoned for interrogation. They were forced to sign written statements why they had attended the funeral, and by whom they had been notified of the time and place of the funeral, and how and when.

HENRYK HOLLAND was a Communist but was murdered as a Jew. The Holland Affair signified a

## The song is ended

ANTHOLOGY OF YIDDISH FOLKSONGS edited by Aharon Vinkovetsky, Abba Kovner, Sinai Leichter. 4 vols. Jerusalem, Magnes Press. No price stated.

Sol Liptzin

ecstatic, multilingual songs (primarily an amalgam of Yiddish and Ukrainian), songs of poverty, toil, and deprivation but also of protest at exploitation. The last of the four volumes contains more recent songs that were made in ghettos and among resistance groups at the time of the Holocaust, and religious and national songs. It ends with songs of *halutzim* and refugees on their way to Israel.

The introduction by Abba Kovner surveys brilliantly, in prose and verse, a thousand years of Jewish experience in Eastern Europe as reflected in the preserved songs. They mirror the moods of the com-

mon man far more than of an elite. They reveal sensitivity to moral values, adherence to traditional attitudes, and awareness of new movements, such as Haskala, Assimilation, Zionism, and Socialism, which penetrated the *shetl* from outside.

Kovner does not deny that the *shetl*, where most Russian Jews lived in poverty, had many negative aspects. But he emphasizes the amazing vitality and the love of learning that sparked the modern Hebrew and Yiddish renaissance even while Jews continued to ponder the Talmud. Each townlet of the Pale was a complete Jewish world in itself, a miniature Jewish state that had maintained its identity while waiting for the messianic dawn. In the meanwhile, Jews maintained Jewish institutions, communal and educational, and preserved their folkways from cradle to grave.

The Jewish child was lulled to sleep with the lullaby about the little

white kid. Love songs reflected timid longings, the frustrations due to parental choice of a mate, the grief of an impending separation, for years, perhaps for a lifetime, due to conscription into the Tsar's army.

CANTORS and their assistants sang songs for the Sabbath and the Holidays. Hasidic songs spread from the courts of the *rebbe's* to the remotest hamlets. Wedding songs were popularized by the *badchanim*, for the cantor and the rabbi presided over the more solemn aspects of the synagogue service. The *badchen*, who succeeded the medieval *letz* and *warshalik*, became the entertainer at the wedding. He was a moralist, comedian, master of ceremonies, composer of words and melodies that quickly spread by word of mouth from community to community but that did not always survive in print.

The most famous of the *badchanim* was Eliakim Zunker of Vilna, who like his Galician contemporaries Berl Broder and Velvel Zharzher, paved the way for the musical comedies of Abraham Goldfaden,

father of the Yiddish theatre, as well as for the ballads and lyrics of Itzik Manger. Zunker was the singer of the *Bilham* in the 1880s. His songs, for instance *Di Sukhe* and *Shivat Zion*, are still sung in Israel. When he settled in New York, he became the lyric voice of his Jewish immigrant generation in America.

It was the *badchanim* who prepared the way for the riper folksongs and art lyrics of Michel Gordon, S.S. Frug, and Mark Varshavsky a century ago. Varshavsky's songs retain their popularity. Jews whose knowledge of Yiddish is minimal still sing his song of the father overjoyed at marrying off the *mezinke*, the youngest daughter, or his dance song for old and young at Golden Weddings, with its refrain: "Eighty he and seventy she," or the song about the overheated classroom, where a *rebbe* teaches children the *aleph-bet*.

The present volumes with their familiar or retrieved folksongs, will please an ageing Yiddish audience. They may attract also younger persons through the medium of the Hebrew and English translations. □

## Red and very dead

POLAND — Communism Nationalism Anti-Semitism by Michael Checinski. New York, Karz-Cohl. 289 pp. \$22.95.

Alexander Zvielli

figure, a writer, editor and journalist. In 1956, during the process of democratization under Gomulka, he was the first to discuss publicly the judicial murder of 19 Polish senior officers, and to demand punishment for those responsible.

IN DECEMBER, 1961 Holland was arrested by the Polish Security Services. He was subjected to a non-stop 40-hour interrogation, then taken back to his apartment. There he allegedly committed suicide by jumping out of the fifth-floor window.

He was subsequently accused of having worked for British and French intelligence. The charge was so patently absurd that nobody bothered to substantiate it. Nor were the circumstances of his "suicide" any more credible. He was supposed to have opened the window and jumped out there was a hard frost, and a temperature of 20 degrees below zero in Warsaw that day, in the presence of experienced secret policemen, who apparently did nothing to stop him. Obviously, he had been murdered. It was forbidden to publish his obituary, or even the date of his funeral.

In spite of the secrecy, all Warsaw knew a Jew had been eliminated, Holland's friends — a few Jewish and Gentile intellectuals gathered at his graveside, and sang the Internationale. Later, all the mourners, whose names and pictures had been taken by plainclothes men, were summoned for interrogation. They were forced to sign written statements why they had attended the funeral, and by whom they had been notified of the time and place of the funeral, and how and when.

HENRYK HOLLAND was a Communist but was murdered as a Jew. The Holland Affair signified a

deepening rift between the intellectuals and Gomulka, the then prime minister. It marked the beginning of a new purge. A Jewish scapegoat proved convenient for the participants in an internal struggle for power in the Polish Communist Party. Holland's death was a stepping-stone in the career of future Polish strongman, General Mieczyslaw Moczar, who had been born as Nikolai Demko in the Ukraine and hated Jews intensely.

I HAVE told Henryk Holland's story at length, because it illustrates perfectly Checinski's researches and conclusions. Holland was neither the first nor the last of the innumerable Jewish pawns to be taken in the internal Polish-Russian power game. He was one of thousands of Jews exploited by the Soviet Union, and by the Polish Communist Party leaders, in its drive for domination of Eastern Europe. And this is precisely the subject of Checinski's book.

Michael Checinski served for 20 years in the Polish army, and another 10 years in military counter-intelligence. He was a senior lecturer in the Polish Military Counter-Intelligence School. He left Poland in 1969, settled here, and engaged in economic research at the Hebrew University. At the moment, he is at the Russian Centre at Harvard, and consultant to the Rand Corporation. His articles appear in important U.S. papers, and he has given a number of radio and TV interviews.

From the viewpoint of the Russians, Checinski observes, the weakness of the Polish Security Service was one of the most important causes for the emergence of Solidarity in 1980. This weakness has since been corrected.

Checinski records the various phases of terror alternating with thaw in post-World War II Poland. The Polish attitude to Jews is merely a barometer of the way things are, for by 1981 there were hardly any Jews left in Poland. For anti-Semitic protagonists today do not need Jews. They can create an atmosphere of hysteria, demagoguery and terror without the physical presence of Jews.

CHECINSKI describes the first stages in the post-war reconstruction of the Jewish community in Poland, and the subsequent process of Sovietization. He records in great detail the circumstances of the 1946 Kielce pogrom. Over 100 Jews were killed as the result of a patently false charge of ritual murder.

Behind the scenes, the Soviet Union pulled the strings. At the same time, it pretended to the West that it was the defender of the Jews. Mikhail Aleksandrovich Dymov (Demini), the Soviet expert on Jewish affairs, was involved in the pogrom. (Incidentally, he served at the Soviet Embassy in Israel from 1964 till June 1967.)

This same Dymov informed Polish Intelligence on the eve of the Six Day War that Israel was doomed. It followed that the time had come to extirpate any form of Jewish influence in the Polish army in order to maintain the correct revolutionary vigilance. The purge was carried out, and involved a number of entirely gentle officers. One purged Polish Catholic officer, who should have been above suspicion, was told that his mother had had sexual relations with a Jew. (A few Israeli communists who had chosen to return to Poland were disposed of by Moczar's men.)

Such was the fate of the few Jews who survived the Holocaust in Poland, or had found temporary refuge in the Soviet Union, and thought that they could create a more equitable life in post-war Poland. Both the Polish and the Soviet authorities exploited their potential, and allowed them to attain important positions at a time when few Poles could be trusted or willing to fill them. These Jewish officials were subsequently regarded by the majority of the Polish people as traitors to their cause.

A SYSTEM based on duplicity suffers from inherent instability, and must be propped up by brute force, deception and denunciation. Such a system is prone to make the Jews scapegoats for its own failures.

Checinski's study underlines the tragedy of Diaspora and of the Jewish people. It is a fascinating and well-written account of the Exile at its worst. There is a strong undercurrent of feeling not often encountered in studies of this kind. It is essential reading for any student of Jewish history. □

## Abraham's covenant

Edith Helen Pappert

(For Ida Nudel, Rejovnik, on her 53rd Birthday, April 17, 1984)

Otchechornia ...

Dark eyes warm Russian snow-drifts blend into photos of a brown-eyed little girl of three who owned my parents and left — before my knowing...

My sisters, she and you, and you, so far away

impaled in barren longing for this verdant land.

I bring you, this day, dear Ida, the hope of rain and sun; air that Rachel breathed; our own ancient earth alive and three-and-a-half million Israelis with arms stretched full...

With our clippers and a pen to God we will bend back the barbed wire that binds you — until it snaps

and you are freed to walk among orange groves in a drizzle of trust for saplings.



YOSEF TRUMPELDOR as a hero of the Russo-Japanese War and the defence of the Gallipoli and, later, Tel Hai? Gradeschool stuff! But what about Trumpeldor, accompanied by rocket-designer Dr. Alexei Zhidoff and his beloved daughter Perl aboard the jerry-built spacecraft *Freilich fun Brooklyn* ("Joy of Brooklyn") en route to the planet Sheigitz, ruled by the ever-rotten Pinkus the Pitiless, and populated by the "Florist people" and *Adler Menschen* ("Eagle men")?

Science-fiction writers have occasionally toyed with the concept of "alternate history", depicting the modern world as a result of the Nazi-Axis victory of World War II, the South's victory over the North during the American Civil War, or England's defeat by the Spanish Armada centuries before that. Few such visions have been as wild, however, as the film-transposition of Yosef Trumpeldor during the 1930s from Zionist folk-hero to "Scourge of the Goyische Spaceways."

How this nonsense came to pass was disclosed earlier this month in a Los Angeles-based amateur magazine boasting a circulation of a little less than 100. Issue 17 of the self-professed "crudaine," *Holter Than Thou*, includes the research of New York film historian Stuart Schiffman, documenting the film career of his grandfather's creation, the Yiddish-speaking, space-blast-wielding, Zetz Tummelman.

TO FATHOM the creation of this composite of Flash Gordon/Buck Rogers/ Crash Corrigan/Yosef Trumpeldor Yiddish motion picture cliff-hanger action serial, one needs to go back to the Golden Age of the "chapter plays," or mutineer serials of the Thirties.

More specifically, one needs to recall the creation of the little-known "Yiddish Motion Picture Company" founded in the U.S. during the late Twenties to produce radical socialist (though non-Bolshevik) propaganda films for the Yiddish speaking-communities of New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Eastern Europe, and London. The YMPC, says Schiffman, hoped to "inculcate their people with the straight goods on the class struggle and capitalist oppression."

But, fortunately for Zetz Tummelman and the evil Pinkus, "they went bust after producing one reel of *Die Kapitalisten fun Wall Street* and the script of the utopian *Nayes fun der Tinkunft* (News of the Future). Short of ready cash, the fledgling film company was sold to a syndicate headed by garment manufacturer Abraham Seidelman and his gangster son Morris ("Bloody Sid") Sidney.

According to Schiffman, the papers were signed at Ratners, the renowned dairy restaurant on New York's Lower East Side over bowls of borscht and plates of cheese blintzes. "The socialists took their money and switched to union organization and more conventional means of dispersing information."

Seidelman and son then enlisted a front man, Mischa Herzog, who had worked in Yiddish theatre with the *Folkshene*, and with Fox and Cohen (eventual heads of what would become Twentieth Century Fox and Columbia) as projectionist and cameraman. Herzog promptly secured a warehouse and plot of land on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn to house the new studio.

HARDLY even a footnote in film history, Yiddish movies were generally renowned and quickly forgotten for the immense amount



## YIDDISH IN SPA-A-A-CE

Fifty years before the first Indian cosmonaut stepped aboard the Soviet Soyuz, Zetz Tummelman was landing the asteroid Kugel and visiting on the planet Mars. SHELDON TEITELBAUM retells the saga of history's only Yiddish-speaking movie astronaut.



of eye-rolling and staggering with emotion so popular in the obsolete style of American film. There were, however, occasions of quality, if not excellence, including a 1939 adaptation of Sholom Aleichem's *Teyt*, with Maurice Schwartz starring and music by Sholom Secunda, *Die Dvork* by Ansky, and an adaptation of Sholom Asch's *Uncle Moshe*.

The Zetz Tummelman character, however, was hardly a product of classical Jewish literature. Rather, it was created by writer/cartoonist Schepse Schiffman in much the way Superman came into being as the brainchild of Jewish writers and artists Jerome Siegel and Joseph Shuster. Indeed, Clark Kent and Zetz Tummelman not only belonged to the same generation, but, by virtue of birthdates, were virtually classmates.

Tummelman, played by actor Anton Rokeach, first appeared in the YMPC's first production, the 1930 *Die Arbeiter Shitme*, a bizarre take-off of the *Jazz Singer* with the protagonist switched to a Jewish socialist and labour organizer in the pre-World War I Lower East Side. Rokeach's evocation, though not supplanting George Jessel's or Al Jolson's in the original (though perhaps Neil Diamond's) led to the creation of a Klail Kinnison reborn with a Yiddish accent.

Rokeach, Schiffman and director Johann Goizmann went on to produce a series of popular Yiddish films, including the musical *The Abraham Cahan Story* (based on the biography of the founder of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, *Baal Shem Tov* (1931) and *Der Yiddisher Cowboy* (1933). In *Die Zioniste*, also produced in 1933, the team featured Tummelman as Trumpeldor, organizing fellow-Zionist POWs while held by the Japanese during the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, and recreating the fall of Tel Hai, though without the ensuing massacre. Indeed, in this version, the Seventh Cavalry, or rather the *Shomrim*, ride to the rescue.

BUT IT WASN'T until 1934 that the first Yiddish motion picture cliff-hanger saw *The Adventures of Zetz Tummelman* vying with Commander Cody and Flash Gordon for a share of the box-office receipts. Tummelman's affairs on the Planet Sheigitz were depicted thanks to special effects provided by the animators of Fleischer Studios; and their theatres in Manhattan, Montreal, London, Vienna and Warsaw were swamped by Jews eager for the next chapter of Zetz's exploits.

Indeed, those who saw the serial at showings of Abraham Cahan's *Yekl* (redone in the Seventies as *Hester Street*) recounted that they had come for Zetz, and consequently booted a JNF short on Kibbutz Degania demanding a repeat of Zetz.

Repeat performances were held at the bijou *Bund Kinematopats* in Warsaw, as they were at the Thomashefsky Theatre on Second Avenue.

Tummelman fans went completely wild later in 1934 with the release of *Zetz Tummelman and der Marlaner Rebbe*, a Jewish version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Mars*, or "Barsoom." The feature picks up the serial with Tummelman in Germany searching for spare parts for Dr. Zhidoff's rocket. Beaten into a stupor by a gang of Brownshirts, Tummelman sees the red planet in the night sky, and is instantly transported there. Lost in the ancient Martian city of Narhoun, populated by huge green Martians called *Die Narhuner Griner*, Zetz soon meets

the Narhuner Gawn, Spurs Spalkus, and the red-skinned Barsoomian princess, Dejah Tustes. The rest, as they say, is history.

This fabulously popular two-reeler was followed by the successful, though pedestrian, *Zetz Tummelman and the Lost Tribes of Israel*, who are located by Zetz, Zhidoff, and Perl Schoenkay in a Burroughsian hollow earth.

Pinkus the Pitiless makes a comeback in 1936 in another two-reeler, *The Human of Space*, in which he cruises into Earth's star-system with evil designs, aboard his flagship, *Dersi Shlafmischer*. Pinkus is no match for Zetz, however, and our hero organizes the *Kuglmenshen* of the asteroid Kugel to fight a guerrilla war until Earth can demolish the invading flotilla. One notable scene deals with an athletic meet held by the Pinkusnik Sheigitz, parodying the Berlin Olympics. The sombre tones of Nazism incorporated into the Pinkusnik costumes were the work of Miriam Richter, a German-Jewish set designer who had fled to the U.S.

Meanwhile, *The Human of Space* saw a shake-up in the casting, with Munye Weisenfreund doubling as Pinkus and Zhidoff, and Perl played by someone listed in the credits as Karen Kayemet. The film also provided Zetz with a sidekick, Leibel "Lefty" Zalman, played by the Brooklyn-born Daniel Kuninsky.

A 1937 DUD about Christopher Columbus and his Marrano interpreter Luis de Torres (the team's first musical) was followed in 1938 by *Zetz Tummelman and die Shikere Bandita*, this representing a breakaway from fantasy during a time when darker realities had come to the fore.

An even darker vision was presented in the final Tummelman adventure, the full-length *Against the Fall of Night*, which pitted Zetz against the might of the Nazis. Indeed, the film was shown in Warsaw, Lublin and Lodz only days before the Germans crossed the Polish frontier. In it, Zetz and Dr. Zhidoff attempt to rescue a scientist from the fictional concentration camp of Finkenlof, using the rocket *Freilich fun Brooklyn*. En route to the fictional kibbutz of Kfar Ramuh in Galilee, they are confronted by a flying saucer over the Sudetenland. The experimental craft is piloted by the young Flight-Lieut. Hachmut von Kleinkopf and the ensuing dogfight ends with the latter plummeting to a painful death.

When I was there, just before Pessah, the sweet doughnuts were selling for 1800 a piece. Rom pointed out that was about 60 U.S. cents; in the U.S., he said, a doughnut generally costs 50 cents. If you buy 10 doughnuts, you get an eleventh one free, and offices in central Tel Aviv can get delivery for quantity purchases.

As for flavours, there is almost no limit. I found the caramel-frosted doughnut something scrumptious, but you might prefer chocolate, pineapple, cinnamon, strawberry, or Napoleon cream. Donut Duck also serves coffee, soft drinks, and Strauss ice creams, particularly the yogurt types.

FROM THE RECENT Food and Food Packaging Fair in Tel Aviv, the only thing I came away with was a plastic jar of *za'atar* and the information that this spice is the hyssop of the Bible.

At the Food Fair were representatives of Moshav Alon Hagall, who claim their settlement was the first to respond to the idea of cultivating hyssop, after the wild

Menachem Golan, are you reading this?

WITH ALL the holidays, nobody got much serious work done over the past fortnight. I used the bits and snatches of working days to follow up some choice tidbits of information, stored up for just such an emergency.

In any case, I would have had to wait until after Pessah to publish anything about an American-style doughnut chain recently launched in Tel Aviv. It is called "Donut Duck" and the caricature on its emblem bears a striking resemblance to the Disney duck.

More important, it serves the lightest, tastiest doughnuts I have eaten this side of Manhattan. They are distant cousins to the jelly-filled and often heavy, greasy things we call *soofganiyot* and eat at Hanukka time. They are also not like the American-style cake doughnuts, introduced recently at Lindy's coffee shop in Tel Aviv.

What Donut Duck offers are 14 varieties of yeast-raised doughnuts, some with the traditional hole-in-the-middle and various frostings on top, others the filled type. Its own invention is a salty doughnut, served with salad inside, which may be the first original Israeli contribution to doughnut culture.

I knew Donut Duck, at 72 Pinkas, had to be the work of either new immigrants or returning Israelis. It turns out to be the latter. Doron Rom, formerly of Kibbutz Afikim, and his friend Eytan Kamil, who had managed other Tel Aviv eateries, Rom studied wine-making in Australia for several years.

A second branch of Donut Duck is at 35 Pinkas, where the bakery itself is located. Rom claims that the secret of the "American taste" is that the ingredients including palm oil in which to fry the doughnuts, are virtually all imported from the U.S. The mixture is made up at a local food factory.

Signs in its shops say *kasher*, and Rom assures me that all the imported ingredients are kosher, and that the doughnuts are *parve*. Rom says they are negotiating for an official certificate of *kashrut* from the Tel Aviv Rabbinate, although this would entail shutting down on the Sabbath.

The chain says its doughnuts have an acceptable shelf-life of 24 hours. But its shops change their stock every six hours, giving away the "old" merchandise to neighbourhood kindergartens.

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## Roll model



### MARKETING WITH MARTHA

variety was declared a protected species by the Nature Protection Authority. Today several Galilee settlements are raising hyssop on more than 300 dunams, and they claim that the gold-coloured label from their spice factory called "Essential Oils & Spices of Galilee Ltd." is the consumer's guarantee that the *za'atar* he buys is the cultivated kind, and not illegally-picked wild hyssop.

Its ready-prepared spice labelled "Za'atar - Hyssop of the Bible" is actually a mixture of hyssop and sesame seeds. It can be mixed with olive oil and used as a dip for bread or pitta, or can be sprinkled as is over a variety of foods, including plain hard-boiled eggs. Commercially, it is being distributed by the Eitz Hazayit oil manufacturers.

I AM ALWAYS curious about what is behind advertisements, especially when they say "the first time in Israel." Al HaYayin is a company for home delivery of Carmel Wines in the Greater Tel Aviv area. In advertisements it has been translated as "On the Wine," which doesn't really mean much in English; "On the Vine" might be better.

The new enterprise is the brainchild of the owners of the A Propos and Beaujolais restaurants in Tel Aviv, and the marketing manager is Ulan Weichselbaum. By telephoning 03-224887 and ordering a minimum of 12 bottles of any Carmel products, customers in the Greater Tel Aviv region can have home delivery within a day or two.

What it calls "at vineyard prices" means that prices are lower than in supermarkets and grocery shops, unless there is some very special sale, and about the same as at most semi-wholesale wine-and-liquor stores. Weichselbaum admits, however, that he probably cannot compete with the wine stores on Rehov Ha'Aliya which, he claims, can sell so cheaply because they buy stocks far ahead and store them, then sell way below current list prices.

The only big disadvantage I see to the home delivery offer is that one is limited to Carmel Wines. While some of my own favourites come from Carmel, others are made by

Eliaz, Stock or Ashkelon — and my wine store carries them all.

The same outfit has also opened a restaurant called Al HaYayin at 111 Dizengoff (opposite the Royal) in Tel Aviv. It will specialize in Carmel wines as well as Jewish-style but non-kosher food for eating on the premises and carry-out. The idea is to serve wines at relatively low prices, not the double-or-triple retail that most restaurants charge for a bottle of wine if served at table. There will also be a free tasting corner.

THE PERIOD between Pessah and Lag Ba'Omer is off-season for weddings, because of the counting of the Omer. However, it is high season for planning weddings to take place on Lag Ba'Omer, after Shavuot, and throughout most of the summer.

I took the opportunity to pay a visit to Music Box, a six-year-old business which was one of the first to offer recorded music for weddings and other *simchas*. I must be out-of-step with modern weddings, because I have not yet attended one with recorded music, although I did attend one with a single-musician electronic organ.

Charles Lewis, who runs Music Box, estimates that 50 per cent of today's "functions" rely on recorded music. He attributes this both to the price, and "the terrible noise the bands make."

Lewis, who once ran the only kosher "dell" in Birmingham, England, started out his Israeli career as a catering manager at the ZOA House in Tel Aviv. He says it is impossible to get the average wedding orchestra to play softly on request; either they blare — or they are taking a complete rest break, and eating a meal at the host's expense.

Lewis estimates that the country's big-name entertainment groups charge \$1,000 to \$3,000 for an evening, the provisional bands who get together for an evening's work take about \$700 to \$800, and a single player on an electronic organ will get \$250 to \$400.

For recorded music, non-stop, in almost any style imaginable from classical to disco, Lewis' Music Box starts at \$150 plus VAT for a four-hour session. In gardens, where more equipment is needed, the starting price is \$200 plus VAT, and some all-disco-type parties cost a little more.

At a wedding, the usual programme is to combine quiet background music, the Mendelssohn wedding march, Hassidic songs, and somewhat louder dance music, depending on what is going on at various times. A live master-of-ceremonies can be provided on request. Lewis makes it a rule to meet at least one person from the family prior to a function to make sure the type of music will suit the expected crowd. But because his people carry with them a box of cassettes containing "three days' worth of music," Lewis' staff is prepared for "almost any eventuality."

Lewis admits other businesses today offer recorded music, at prices considerably below his, perhaps by as much as half. One reason is that his is an officially established firm which not only pays VAT and other taxes, but also pays the copyright fees for all the music it uses. He also says Music Box has highly professional equipment and takes pride in the personal appearance and behaviour of its staff. Although three-quarters of its business today is weddings, Music Box also services cocktail parties and other functions.

Martha Meisels

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